

A N
E X P L A N A T I O N
O F S E V E R A L O F
Mr. HOGARTH's PRINTS.

"While *England* lives, his fame can never die."

GARRICK.

"*Hogarth* unrival'd stands, and shall engage

"Unrival'd praise to the most distant age."

CHURCHILL.

"It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius
"was given him to copy."

WALPOLE.

"*Hogarth* is the *Garrick* of his art."

SMART'S HILLIAD.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS.

M DCC LXXXV.

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A N

EXPLANATION

OF SEVERAL OF

MR. HOGARTH'S PRINTS.

46

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744



"I was thinking of the fact that his prints
were given to me."

SMITHSONIAN

L O N D O N

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

AND SOLD BY A. MILLAR, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

MDCCLXXIV

session of any other set than that published by the
 widow of Mr. Hogarth (except indeed a few first
 impressions); of course some remarks in the ensuing
pages may not apply to the old impressions; but
 true is the observation of Mr. Walpole, that "the
 collector who contents himself with the later im-
 pressions of his works, will not consult our artist's
 reputation."

P R E F A C E.

IT is not the intention of the writer of this trifling
 work, to trespass on any one performance on the
 subject of *Hogarth*. He designs it merely as an addi-
 tion, or supplement, to the other publications. It points
 out some minutiae, which, added to the explanatory
 remarks of Mr. *Walpole*, Mr. *Nichols*, Mr. *Gilpin*, and
 Dr. *Trusler*, will form a full and complete explana-
 tion of the most considerable of Mr. *Hogarth's* prints.
 The excellent pamphlet of *Rouquet* is transfused by
 an indifferent translation into Dr. *Trusler's* book.
 Some few of the prints are treated more fully in the
 following little work; which is liable, however, to
 many objections, from the writer not being in pos-

session of any other set than that published by the widow of Mr. *Hogarth* (except indeed a few first impressions); of course some remarks in the ensuing pages may not apply to the old impressions: so true is the observation of Mr. *Nichols*, that “the collector who contents himself with the later impressions of his works, will not consult our artist’s reputation.”

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A N

EXPLANATION, &c.

The HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

WE are told in Joseph Gay's poem, as well as in "The Harlot's Progress, or the Humours of Drury-Lane——which is a Key to the six Prints lately published by Mr. *Hogarth*," and printed in 1732 (an obscene and poultry production), that the procuress here represented is Mother *Bentley*; but Mr. *Walpole* and Mr. *Nichols* say it is Mother *Needham*; and indeed in the sixth Canto of the above poem we are told, that the old bawd who is there wringing her hands is Mother *Bentley*, which is a figure very different from *Needham's*, whom an enraged populace prevented attaining the venerable

B

age

age of this other afflicted matron. And Joseph Gay tells us, in a note, that the colonel's pimp is "his trusty man John Gourlay," whose attitude is expressive of the girl's being a very delicate piece, which, by the bye, she is not represented to be in this plate. She has in her breast an emblem of her innocence, and no doubt at her departure from home, ——"her kind mother shed prophetick tears."

The character of the infamous *Chartres* may be seen in the note to the 20th line of *Pope's Third Moral Essay*. And as we cannot suppose the direction of the *goose* to have been written in this *clergyman's* house; we may suppose it comes from some good old woman in *Yorkshire*—*For My Lofin Cofin in Tems Street London* *; nor is the inscription under the bell less curious—*Parson's Intier Butt Bear*. The trunk has the initials of the young woman's name. We are to suppose this poor curate is sent up to town with a letter of recommendation to a bishop, on the vacancy of some living, and that his terrified aspect proceeds from the dread of appearing before so great a person; his having rode up with his gown and cassock may be from his having but one coat, and that so rusty, that he is willing to hide it with the best attire he can. I fear this reason is

* An old woman sent a letter by the post with this curious address—*To my son John in London*; and Mr. Nichols has recorded a pleasant memorial of *Hogarth's* absence of mind in thus directing a letter to Dr. Hoadly—*To the Doctor at Chelsea*.
far-

far-fetched; but, however that may be, we cannot but sympathize with the distress this unfortunate divine must experience, when a surly waggoner enforces a rude payment from his little pittance for the earthen ware his half-starved horse has thrown down. The Journal of a Poor Curate, which is in the Appendix (No. 7.), is not inserted there for the purpose of raising the volume's price a shilling, but as possessing the power of awakening those feelings which cannot but arise in each mind at the sight of dejected poverty.

P L A T E II.

Pompey with his tea-kettle will never pass unnoticed, as Mr. *Quin's* sarcasm on the immortal actor (the man after *Shakspeare's* own heart) will long contribute to direct many eyes to this starting and aghast Moor of *Hogarth**. This joke perhaps sat not so uneasy on Mr. *Garrick* (evident from his retaliation) as the displeasure of his audience on account of his tramontane dress. Mr. *Hill*, in his edition of the *Actor* of 1755, p. 153, subscribes to Mr. *Garrick's* merit in *Othello* in these words, "I can remember, "that in the scenes where the great general is most "himself, none ever filled the stage with more dignity; and that when he took leave of his occupation,

* So much this scene her black attendant scar'd,
That ev'n his woolly locks with horror star'd.

Gay's Poem.

"Farewell

“ *Farewell the plumed troop, &c.* ”

“ none ever felt the sentiment more nobly. The
 “ honour of his profession, and the grief at quitting
 “ it, were so perfectly expressed together, that it was
 “ impossible to say which most expressed the hero.”
 Another gentleman (Mr. *Wilks*), equally conversant
 in the stage, has the following words on Mr. *Gar-*
rick's improprieties in acting : “ If he has his faults,
 “ they are like spots in the sun, hid beneath a blaze
 “ of majesty ; an effulgence of beauty that asto-
 “ nishes, while it dims all things liable to censure,
 “ so that they become imperceptible.”

The mask on the toilet belongs to the mistress, as
 it appears again in the 5th plate. Some of the or-
 naments of this room are thus described in the 21st
 page of *Gay's* poem,

Pourtray'd beneath a *Gourd* here *Jonah* fate,
 Expecting *Nineveh's* approaching fate :
 King *David*, there, his antic gambols play'd,
 When back the ark from *Asbdod* was convey'd :
 Below hung *Woolston's* head, and *Clarke's* above.

The inference to be drawn from this picture of
David, may be, that *Moll Hackabout* is playing *her*
 gambols, while back her lover from the chamber is
 conveyed ; and *Jonah* may apply either to *Pompey*,
 as expecting some disastrous fate to one of them ;
 or it may apply to the young gallant, who has no
 reason to expect a very agreeable fate himself, if he
 is

is not very expert in stealing down stairs. From a perusal of the lives of Dr. *Clarke* and Mr. *Woolston*, I cannot conjecture why their portraits in particular should be hung up, unless indeed from their being at that time the subjects of general conversation, and their portraits of course serving as ornaments to many rooms. Dr. *Clarke*, indeed, published an Essay on *Repentance*; and Mr. *Woolston*, An Apology for the Truth of the Christian Religion against the *Jews* and *Gentiles* *.

P L A T E

* In order to explain one part of *David's* picture, it may be proper to read the following verses from the second book of *Samuel*, viz. the 3d, 5th, 6th, 7th, 14th, and 16th verses of the 6th chapter.

3. And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house of *Abinadab* that was in *Gibeab*: and *Uzzab* and *Abio* the sons of *Abinadab* drave the new cart.

5. And *David* and all the house of *Israel* played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir-wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals.

6. And when they came to *Nachon's* threshing-floor, *Uzzab* put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it: for the oxen shook it.

7. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against *Uzzab*: and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God.

14. And *David* danced before the Lord with all his might; and *David* was girded with a linen ephod.

16. And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of *David*, *Michal Saul's daughter* looked through a window, and saw king *David* leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart.

And in order to account for that very grum, and ill-tempered look of *Jonah's*, and more fully to comprehend the different

P L A T E III.

Very little can be added to Dr. *Trusler's* explanation of this plate. *Rouquet* says, "son logement est dans une rue consacrée à la débauche, un des receptacles les plus abondants en tout ce qu'il y a de bas et de débordé dans cette grande ville."

Additional instances of her poverty are visible in the broken panes of the window, the bottle serving for a candlestick, the basin for two different kinds of water, and in her having no tea-kettle. That she is pestered with mice is evident, from the jumping joy of the cat. The cane in the constable's hand belongs, no doubt, to this *barlot-hunting justice*; and the

different parts of that picture, it may be proper to quote the 1st, 5th, 6th, and 8th verses of the 4th chapter of the book of *Jonah*, premising, that the Lord having commanded *Jonah* to go to *Nineveh* and cry against it, and to forewarn the wicked inhabitants of its destruction: in consequence of which they repented in sackcloth, and sat in ashes, which caused the Almighty Father of Mercy to withdraw his threatened vengeance, which it seems

1. displeased *Jonah* exceedingly, and he was very angry.

5. So *Jonah* went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city till he might see what would become of the city.

6. And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over *Jonah*, that it might be a shadow over his head

7. But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd, that it withered.

8. And it came to pass when the sun did arise, that God prepared a vehement east wind; and the sun beat upon the head of *Jonah*, that he fainted.

other

other ornaments of this room are, a portrait of the *Virgin Mary*, and a picture of *Abraham* sacrificing *Isaac*. Sir *John Gonson* is certainly going to sacrifice *Miss Hackabout*; so far this picture may apply, but she has no hovering angel to protect her.

P L A T E IV.

The dangling effigy of Sir John in chains is smoking a pipe, a never-failing joke with *Hogarth*; for not only the giants in *Guildhall*, but the executioner at Tyburn, nay, even *Jupiter*, and an angel in the church, must have their pipes and tobacco.

The pert primness of the dog (who seems as watchful after something as his master is), the odd look of the woman leaning on her mallet, and the infernal faces of the keeper and his wife, can scarce pass unnoticed.

P L A T E V.

To add to the confusion of this scene, a pot is boiling over, which either cannot, or is not attended to, by the maid and nurse. The mask, and a fan, are just taken out of the trunk. Is this to awaken a recollection of her former happy state when with the Jew?

———“ Alas! how chang’d from him,

“ That life of pleasure and that soul of whim.”

I am at a loss to know why the fan is put through the eyes, and what the round board is near the door;

the

the

the same occurs in the chamber of the *Distressed Poet*. A broken ink-bottle, and a paper descriptive of the Anodyne necklaces, lie on the floor, intimating, perhaps, that her poor boy, who seems the *child of misery baptized in tears*, is inclined to be rickety.

The poem of *The Harlot's Progress*, which I have before alluded to, and which professes to be a key to this set of prints, gives other names to the two Quacks than those generally received, namely, *Tan--r*, and *C---m*; however, *Gay's* poem mentions *Dr. Misfaubin* for one of them.

Joseph Gay has introduced in his poem many lines worthy perusal; he interests us more in the present sufferings of this unhappy object, by supposing her (different from *Dr. Trufler*) not to have plunged into her former course of debaucheries on her enlargement from *Bridewell*.

Maria wept when in the dismal jail,
Nor wept in vain; ev'n there her tears prevail,
And purchase her release: but scarce was she
From *Bridewell's* painful drudgery set free,
Ere strange disorders her fair frame invade;
Her charms decay, the boasted roses fade
On her pale cheek.—————
—————sharp pains within
Rack every joint, and torture ev'ry bone,
What heart, untouch'd, could hear her piteous
moan.

Sure

Sure, strictest Virtue might let fall a tear,
 And with the pangs of folly less severe.
 He then, after having described her as in a salivation, proceeds,
 Whilst thus in senseless noise they spent their
 breath,
Maria sunk into the arms of death.
 How chang'd that beauteous face, how swoln the
 tongue,
 Whose Syren musick caught the gay and young.
 Lost are the charms which rais'd the world to lust;
 What art thou all?—vile, putrifying dust*.

* “When the celebrated *Nancy Elliot* found the grim
 “tyrant was inexorable, and that she must pass *that bourn*
 “*from whence no traveller e'er returns*, she prepared to meet her
 “fate with courage and resignation, after making a very pro-
 “per will, by which the principal part of her fortune,
 “amounting to near ten thousand pounds, was bequeathed
 “to her indigent parents, and other relations. As she ap-
 “proached her end, she was very solicitous of seeing her sister,
 “whose course of life had not been strictly virtuous, to deliver
 “her last advice, and admonish her to profit by her example.
 “Her father, who used his best endeavours to effect this
 “pious purpose, was, however, too late, having reached her
 “house, in Greek-Street, Soho-Square, only a few moments
 “before she expired.

“When her death was announced, he seized his remaining
 “child by the hand, and, pointing to her sister's emaciated
 “body, pathetically exclaimed, *Look there!* and immediately
 “sunk down in a swoon, from which he was with difficulty
 “recovered. Thus lived, thus died, the beautiful, the kind,
 “the sensible, the frail *Nanny Elliot*.” *Town and Country*
Mag. June, 1769.

P L A T E VI.

Mr. *Nichols* (contrary to the opinion of *Rouquet*) looks upon this plate as the *concluding* scene of a tragic representation; and thinks that *Hogarth*, even in this scene (however farcical it certainly appears in many respects), meant to convey admonition, and enforce a deep moral. The following lines of Mr. *Pope*, with a trifling alteration, may not improperly apply to Mr. *Nichols's* reflection:

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful
bier;

By harlot's hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By harlot's hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By harlot's hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By harlots honour'd, and by harlots mourn'd!

On voit ici (says *Rouquet*) le ministre plus occupé de sa voisine que de son vin, qu'il répand par une distraction qu'elle lui cause. And surely the sense of *feeling* was never perhaps more exquisitely delineated than in the incomparable features of the clergyman; but the impressions, in this particular, considerably differ. Elizabeth *Adams* too expresses her full share of the enjoyment, and is equal in *expression* to the very admirable figure of the maid-servant.

The little boy (with his toes turned in) exhibits a fine stroke of innocent childhood:

No

No grief his thoughtless innocence annoy'd ;
A castle-top his busy hands employ'd.

Gay's Poem.

Had the figure of this old bawd, who is *howling*
for the dead, been that of Mother *Needham*, who first
 lured the innocent girl into the paths of prostitution,
 and had the clergyman in this last plate been one
who feels for the dead that hope expressed in our Liturgy,
 we might suppose him (in the words of *Hamlet*) ad-
 dressing himself to this old Jezabel, and impressing
 on her mind a just sense of that shameful conduct,
 which has been the means of hurrying off to an
 untimely grave, an otherwise pure untainted mind.

Leave wringing of your hands : peace ; sit you
 down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,
 If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
 tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. ———— Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

Calls virtue, hypocrite *———

* See Appendix, N° 8.

A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

It is said this print consists entirely of personalities ; and yet Orator *Henley*, who is the divine, and *Kettleby* *, who was a vociferous bar-orator, are the only names we are yet informed of. The overflowing of the chamber-pot is another instance of their having drunk hard. The gentleman who is vomiting has an admirable expression, and the weakness of his right hand is much in character ; he may very justly say,

“ Ah ! pies take that filthy vile punch and the
“ negus.”

The candle is on the point of catching the divine's wig. There is a contented snugness in the old gentleman, who has put on his night-cap to bouze away more comfortably ; his cloak, hat, and wig, are hung up near him.

The confusion that will very soon happen is pretty evident, for the unwieldy politician having set fire to his ruffle, and to his cravat, the flames will of course communicate to his face and wig ; he then will start from his chair, and, in floundering against that of the unfortunate soldier, may most likely bring down with him the tottering doctor, whose chair, catching that of the snorer, joins him in the general fall ; thus every figure assists in praising that genius,

“ Whose vein of humour knows no end.”

* A brief might have been introduced near the lawyer, with the words of Mr. Foot endorsed—*Roger Rapp'cm against Sir Solomon Simple.*

The RAKE'S PROGRESS.

P L A T E I.

Mr. *Gilpin*, in his *Essay on Prints*, has favoured us with a very excellent description of this set of prints; and from the judicious observations scattered throughout that work on the subject of *Hogarth*, we have great reason to regret his not having given us a more extensive and general criticism on his other plates. Mr. *Gilpin's* remarks are those of nice penetration; the writer of this trifle extends not his researches further than the *dull duty* of pointing out little more than the minutiae of each print, which, though well known to the professed admirers of this painter, may yet be passed over unnoticed by others. The baize bag *may* denote the admirable figure behind the youth to be the attorney, and not the appraiser: if so, we may presume him to be one of those

“ Who miss not morn, or evening prayer,

“ Unless indeed to cheat an heir.”

And *Rouquet* says he is “ un procurer
 “ se payant lui même.” The picture over the chimney-piece is no bad display of *Hogarth's vis-comica*. The old piece of furniture, on which the black cloth is placed, may probably have been taken as a distress for rent from his tenants. The window appears to be patched with something which I cannot make out. The taylor seems very glad the old fellow is dead, as he has the mourning to make. It might be
 from

from the widow of such a person as this taylor that the letter which I have subjoined to this page was sent, requesting the continuance of her husband's customers; it is copied from an *Annual Register* *.

From the shoe-sole not being fastened or finished, we may presume the old father was his own cobbler; and the heinous figure of the cat makes one cry shame on the old miserly wretch; the poor cat finds plate instead of meat—pearls before swine. It has been said, that in a miser's house the very rats and mice go about with tears in their eyes. The *armoire* is as curious and valuable as some of the other lumber; and his remaining crutch is another instance of his savingness; for, having broke one, he makes a walking-stick serve in its stead, rather than purchase another. His very spectacle cases (*sans glasses*) are preserved; and even in the contrivance of his candlesticks, he seems willing to preserve the glimmering bit to its last spark; and his fur cap has for many winters warmed him *sans* fire †.

* “MADAM,

“My husband is dead, but that is nothing at all; for
“Thomas Wild, our journeyman, will keep *doing* for me the
“same as he did before, and he can work a great deal better
“than he did, poor man, at the last, as I have experience of,
“because of his age and ailment; so I hope for your lady-
“ship's custom. From your humble servant, ANN R——s.”

† Mr. Foote, who was the *Hogarth* of the Drama, has the following lines in his Prologue to the *Knights*:

There, whilst the griping Sire, with moping care,
Defrauds the world, himself, t' enrich his heir,
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thousands throws a main at *Corbent Garden*.

P L A T E

P L A T E II.

The subject of the middle picture is, *The Judgement of Paris*; and the young shepherd's *sang froid*, and very unpolite attitude, justly merit the criticism of *Rabelais* *. The attitude of *Venus* is graceful; but the mother in the waggon, which is in the *March to Finchley*, is perhaps the most graceful figure Mr. *Hogarth* has given us. He has transferred young *Rakewell's* name to his horse, by calling him *Silly Tom*. The expression in the happy poet's face is as finely drawn as are the two tradesmen near the millener.

Rouquet observes, on the figures of *Dubois* the fencing-master, and *Figg* the prize-fighter, that “ la vivacité de l'un, le sang froid méprisant de l'autre, désignent leurs nations.” Old *Bridgeman's* face will interest every admirer of modern gardening; and as he scorned the *square precision of the foregoing age*, he

* “ François I. Roi de France, avoit un Tableau que l'on disoit être sans défauts; il permit à tout le monde de le venir considérer, & ordonna qu'on lui fit parler tous ceux qui y trouveroient des défauts: ce tableau représentoit Junon, Vénus, Pallas & Pâris, nuds. Rabelais après l'avoir examiné long-temps, dit qu'il y trouvoit un grand défaut de jugement: on le fit parler au Roi, qui lui ayant demandé quel étoit ce défaut, il répondit à Sa Majesté que Pâris étant au milieu des trois plus belles Déeses du Ciel, ne devoit pas être représenté d'un si grand sang froid, & que c'étoit se tromper lourdement que de penser que ce Prince, jeune & vigoureux, fût ainsi demeuré, sans donner quelque signe qu'il étoit homme, devant trois Déeses nues qui tâchoient à l'envi de lui plaire.”

should

should have held in his hand a better plan. *Trusler* breaks out into a very melancholy lecture against *an art that realizes Painting, and improves Nature*: The person blowing the French-horn seems quite *à son aise*, and appears to possess none of those infernal gun powder qualities, so very conspicuous in this admirable figure of Mr. William *Stab's* acquaintance*.

P L A T E III.

Additional instances of the riot and confusion are visible in the broken chair behind the rake, his broken cane, the broken glasses, the chamber-pot flowing over the lemons, and in the mangled fowl with its leg torn off.

Hogarth seems very fond of introducing King *David*; he has in this plate perched him on the top of the harp; and in the second plate of the *Harlot's Progress* has not made him appear in a very interesting light. The head of *Pontac* may not improperly accompany a set of *Cæsars*, as he seemingly possesses the brutality of one of them, who amused himself with practising on his violin when *Rome* was burning; and Mr. *Hogarth* has made *David* no less insensible to the fate of *Totus Mundus*. I don't know who this *Pontac* was—probably a noted keeper of some noted and, perhaps, infamous ale-house. The black girl is

* This amiable acquaintance would have composed a very curious "*Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*,"—or he would have been a no less curious *compagnon de voyage* for poor *Torick*.

archly pointing to the porter, and they both appear to enjoy a black joke, which is playing on young *Rakewell*.

The mighty *Cæsar* indeed lies low ; now none so poor to do him reverence. The mutilation of *Vespasian's* head is made to resemble a fox's ; whether this was meant so I know not. From a perusal of his life, I cannot find that he possessed any quality peculiar to that animal, unless indeed his avidity for money might have obliged him to exert much cunning in the procuring it ; as, notwithstanding his many excellent and noble qualities, and the blessings of his reign, he is well known to have descended to many fordid exactions, and indeed to many strange ones, of which his tax on piss-pots is not the least remarkable *.

PLATE IV.

The dog seems to possess the petulant irascible temper of his master ; and the ruined circumstances of the rake oblige him to pay his court at *St. James's*,

* The following anecdote I met with in " *Fables, Lettres, et Variétés Historiques*," p. 343. " *Vespasien* n'étant encore que simple particulier, et vivant fort à l'étroit, avoit marqué beaucoup d'avidité pour l'argent. C'est ce qui lui fut reproché par un vieil esclave, qui le voyant devenu empereur, lui demanda avec les prières les plus vives et les plus pressantes, d'être mis gratuitement en liberté. Comme *Vespasien* le refusoit, et exigeoit de l'argent : ' Je le vois bien, dit l'esclave, le *renard* change de poil, mais non de caractère."

in the hopes of obtaining some place, or pension: his spirits are very much lowered since we saw him last. The little strange-drest figure, near the gate, somewhat resembles one (though very distantly) in the print of *Noon*. The sleepy carelessness of the lamp-lighter, and the particular look of the fellow with his little finger cocked up, who is either admiring the delicate handkerchief hanging out of the pocket, or else is going to put it into his own, with the indifference and pleased unconcern in the bailiff, who has a club in his hand, a bruise on his forehead, and a quid in his mouth, are all admirably expressed.

The blackguard gamblers form a group truly curious; the chimney-sweep is peeping over the postboy's cards, and with his two fingers discovers to his adversary the honours he has in his hand; surely the expression in ~~this~~ face equals most of those Mr. *Hogarth* has given us. This postboy preserves in his cap (which seems to have been formerly a hat, but since cut round) the remnant of a candidate's letter, requesting his vote and *interest*: if so, we have the felicity of having *his* mite thrown into parliament in support of—perhaps in destruction of—the liberty of *Britain* *. Few representations of characters in this class of life have given me more pleasure than

* Besides I am promis'd, by old Humphrey *Potwobler*,
The votes of three taylors, two smiths, and a cobler.

Election Ball, a Poem.

the little shoe-black politician. The news, or politics of the day, which are recorded in his *Fartbing Chronicle*, give him such pleasure, that neither the confusion so near him, nor the disgusting noise of the dog, can, in the least, wean his attention from his dear pleasure, or print in his features other marks than those of contentedness, and delighted attention; he, no doubt, is very often at a *nonplus*, at many cramp words which he must meet with, as well as in the mention of events, and of men.

—— “mightier far than he.”

At the finishing each long paragraph, he probably indulges himself with a little sup of his gin, and gives a peep in his pipe. He carries his little shop with him (if it really is his), trusting most likely to some bulk, or stall, for his night's lodging; and depends on chance, and each returning day, for bringing him some kind customer; the flagged pavement serves him for a habitation in the day-time, where he amuses himself in running through *the little circle of his pleasures*, unmindful of the additional window-tax, or of house-rents, or repairs; and thus does this poor creature *swim down the gutter of time*.

P L A T E V.

Under the boy in the gallery, who is viewing the fray, are these lines, “This church of *St. Mary-le-bone* “was beautified in the year 1725. *Tho. Sice, Tho. Horn, Churchwardens.*” And as this print came out

only ten years after the beautifying of the church, its present state conveys a satire on the shameful manner in which parish officers too frequently squander away the parish money; the same satire is directed to another quarter, in the charity-boy having a hole in his coat, and in his stocking, and from his toes coming out of his shoe. The wrinkled brow and attitude of the young woman's mother is deserving of attention. Under the window is a mural monument in brass, recording the piety of some antient family; and, not far from this (on the pulpit) is a very curious *glory* encircling the *Jesus hominum salvator*.

'Tis true the bride has but one eye (*and pity 'tis, 'tis true*), but, like Lady *Pentweazle's* great aunt's sister, the remaining one is a piercer: that one eye may get her three husbands*. She and the old curate would have made an admirable couple†.

The maid has much ado to contain her smile; and the fine dryness of the clerk is almost verging to one. In a Catalogue of the Statues, Bustos, &c. of *Richard Parker*, statuary, in the *Strand*, is "*Hogarth's* Pug Dog."

* Mr. Foote's "Taste."

† The curate would receive no disservice in a jaunt to *Bath*; "*Dean Spavin, Dean Mangey, and Doctor De 'squirt,*
" Were all sent from *Cambridge* to rub off *their* dirt."

Bath Guide.

P L A T E VI.

I shall be very cautious in adding any thing to the very excellent description of this print by Mr. *Gilpin*.

From the usurer's memorandum book, it appears that he is lending money to Lord *Cogg*; his lordship is recorded for his attachment to gaming, in the 13th page of a poem, called "Tom K---g's; or the Paphian Grove," printed in 1738; though, from the following extract, from p. 41, of a poem descriptive of this set of plates (the title-page of that in my possession being torn off), another name is given:

But see the careful plain old man,
M——, well known youth to trepan,
 To *C*——*sb* lend the dear-bought pence,
C——*sb*, quite void of common sense,
 Whose face, unto his soul a sign,
 Looks stupid, as that does within.
 A quarrel from behind ensues,
 The sure retreat of those that lose.
 An honest 'Squire smells the cheat,
 And swears the villain shall be beat:
 But *G*——*dd* wisely interferes,
 And dissipates the wretches fears.

This poem has the following lines on the rake:

Now foaming into rage he bursts,
 And imprecates some deadly curse:
 His face distorted, wild his eyes,
 And all his furious passions rise.

Rouquet

Rouquet says, " L'auteur n'a pas oublié de placer
 " un grille à l'ouverture de la cheminée, précaution
 " ordinaire dans les sales de jeu, pour retenir ce qu'
 " la rage des joueurs malheureux leur fait jeter au
 " feu à tout moment."

The gentleman in mourning may probably just have received the sum he now loses from a deceased friend. The little innocent-looking waiter, whose mind seems calmly at ease, makes one enter more deeply into the forlorn misery of the highwayman, who is so lost in the gloomy melancholy of his soul, that neither the boy's bawling earnestness of civility, nor his kind shake, can in the least awaken or unfix the attitude of gloomy despondence. *It was character, the passions, the soul, that Hogarth's genius was given him to copy.*

PLATE VII.

The poem of the *Rake's Progress*, which I have mentioned before, hints at the name of one of the characters in this print, who is under the pair of wings, which, from their not being fastened on with wax, are an improvement of those which *Dedalus* made for his unfortunate son *Icarus* :

His wig was full as old as he,
 In which one curl you cou'd not see ;
 His neckcloth loose, his beard full grown,
 An old torn night-gown not his own.

L—,

L——, great schemist, that can pay
The *Nation's* debts an easy way.

The blunder in the endorsement of the *Settlement*, in *Marriage-à-la-mode*, may tend to confirm Mr. *Nichols's* opinion, in supposing the inaccuracy of spelling, in Mr. *Rich's* letter, to have been no ridicule of that gentleman's deficiency in that respect, but to have been a real blunder of *Hogarth's*.

If the one-ey'd woman is really his wife, she seems very little disposed to *gild the evening of his day*; she rather seems determined to make it *set in gloomy night*. His countenance shews him to be of a very different opinion from *Petruchio*, who supposed a woman's tongue could not give half so great a blow to the ear, as a chesnut in a farmer's fire. The little respect shewn by the manager to the produce of his genius, on which he had no doubt formed high hopes of success, added to the insulting caution of the boy, who prevents him tasting the refreshing pot he may so much long for, with the demand of the jeering and *steel'd* gaoler, who is so seldom the *friend of man*, and the infernal raging of his rib, who has a look as if she had been *loos'd out of hell to speak of horrors*: this uncomfortable assemblage proves too much for the weak spirits of the faithful woman, “qui s'évanouit à l'aspect d'un homme, pour lequel
“elle n'a point cessé de s'intéresser tendrement,” who has followed him through each change of life, and
4
whose

whose affection strives to comfort him even in his last sad scene.

How admirably is the contented chymist introduced, whose intent search for the philosopher's stone has caused his hours in prison to glide smoothly along, and which now makes him totally inattentive to the unhappy confusion so near him * !

P L A T E VIII.

The words of *Shakspeare*, in the concluding scene of *Richard the Third*, will very well apply to the reversed half-penny—*England hath long been mad*. The room, or cell, in which is so admirably represented the *superstitious horror* of the popish devotée, is hung with the portraits of three saints :

The wretch in dreadful torment lies,
And feels a hell before he dies.

Rake's Progress, a Poem, p/ 53.

* Either of these three debtors might very properly distribute the following advertisement, which appeared in a publick paper a few years ago :

“ Wanted immediately, fifteen hundred, or two thousand pounds, by a person not worth a groat, who, having neither houses, land, annuities, or publick funds, can offer no other security than that of simple bond, bearing simple interest, and engaging the repayment in five, six, or seven years, as may be agreed upon by the parties.

“ Whoever this may suit (for it is hoped it will suit somebody), by directing a line for Mr. *Timothy Traffick, in nubibus*, shall be immediately replied to, or waited on, as may appear necessary.”

Rakewell

Rakewell is chaining down to the floor, to prevent his destroying himself, as the wound shews us he has already made an attempt: his seems to be that kind of madness which *Mr. Garrick* exhibited in *Leary*; from whose performance, it is said, *Mr. Gray* took his idea of *moody madness laughing wild*. The dog is finely introduced: not to shew that faithful attention to their masters, even in distress and poverty, which marks those dogs in *Gin-Lane*, and in the sixth plate of the *'Prentices*; but to awaken our pity in this representation of the ruins of human nature, in seeing a brute creature making flight of, and, perhaps, disturbing and perplexing an unhappy object*. The emaciated figure, and the countenance, of the astronomer, are horridly fine; nor is the frightful figure of the musician less admirable, on whose fingers are five rings: this, surely, has no allusion to *Farinelli's* presents?

The SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

Very little can be added to *Dr. Trusler's* explanation. This *sprawling* angel of some country *Laguerre* has but one wing; but this deficiency is very amply made up by each leg having two thighs; and the want of uniformity in the window panes, as well as the gross disproportion in the windows at the top,

* The Poet of Nature observes, that
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

E

shew

shew very clearly the hand of a village architect. The lion seems more tame than we generally see him, it having been the custom, for some time past, to paint him always in a monstrous passion.

The wine-cup is not improperly placed near the clerk, who now and then very probably takes a sip of the communion wine at other times than at the sacrament. This very admirable figure of self-importance discovers something of that gruff haughtiness of surly dignity so visible in Abel Squat, mixed with a stroke or two of a village-schoolmaster dignity; his features begin to be a *little* softened by the inviting object near him. The other phizzes are not *caracatura*, but pure nature. Old Drowsy's hat, and perhaps his wig, shew a very great change in those parts of the clerical dress. The old woman is something

“ Like the figure you see in your grandmother's
“ picture,

“ With her head in a ruff, and her waist in a
“ girdle.

“ And her throat like a ram's that is caught in
“ a hirdle.”

An Election-ball, a poem.

The DISTRESSED POET.

An additional instance of the poet's poverty appears in the cupboard, which contains nothing but a peeping mouse; and indeed he has no snuffers to his candlestick. I am at a loss to find out the ornament

over

over the chimney-piece, unless it is a piece of wood with casts in plaister of *Paris* fixed into it; something similar to this hangs up in the fifth plate of the *Harlot's Progress*. The poker may have formerly been a fencing foil. A clothe's brush is near the sword; and a pipe and tobacco (his solace after his jobs are done) lie in the window seat. The porter-pot is put on a chair, as they have but one table. Mr. *Foot*e might have had this print in his eye when writing some of his scenes in the *Author*. In *Bancks's* Poems, vol. II. p. 5, this print is copied as a head-piece to an Epistle; there are many variations, indeed so many as almost to change the piece; one variation, however, is the placing a spider's web over the fire-grate.

The FOUR PARTS of the DAY.

M O R N I N G.

A farther instance of the propriety of Mr. *Hogarth* having introduced a scene of riot within *King's Coffee-house*, may be seen in an 8vo poem, printed in 1738, entitled "Tom K---g's; or the Paphian Grove." In this print the coffee-house is placed directly under the dial; whereas, in the second plate of the above quoted poem (which represents the watch taking a gentleman into custody), it is placed at a considerable distance from the church; but these minutiae in Mr. *Hogarth's* works (even supposing he should be wrong in this instance) will be overlooked; as

"his force lay in *expression*." On the back of the beggar (as is not uncommon) a written paper seems to be sewed, setting forth her case and deplorable situation, and soliciting the *cold hand of charity*. Had this beggar been as conversant with the sex as that whom Mr. Sterne mentions *, she would have fared much better with her whom Mr. Nichols terms "the exhausted representative of involuntary female celibacy:" whose dried-up face is sweetly contrasted with the warm and melting flesh of the servant girl who is coming to market, but who appears thus lovely in the metzotinto copy by Spooner, and in that only. The valet beggars every drollery of description; he is slipshod, probably from having the chilblains, as one can scarce suppose him so careless from any other cause, so raw and cold a morning; he takes better care of his hands. One of the little boys (who are *creeping like snails unwillingly to school*) very wisely puts his hands into his little pocket; and the woman near the church-gate effectually prevents her's from being cold. We can scarce suppose the porter is going to church; indeed his eyes are seemingly bent another way. The woman's lantern (who has a basket on her head) denotes her having been in the market before day-light; and near her we see a goody, who, on her return from marketing, stops to hear the doctor's commendations of

* Sentimental Journey, in the chapter entitled "The Act of Charity."

himself. The pewter-pot set on the post at the extremity of the market, with the other three pots just above, denote that liquor is sold at the house, as the same insignia are seen in the next plate*. I am at a loss to know what those things are on the basket, near the shivering servant, unless they are the cups to contain the blood, which the doctor takes from his patients.

N O O N.

No one has yet given us the names of any part of this admirable group of the *French* congregation; several of them were, no doubt, drawn from nature. The gentleman in the black wig is an admirable figure, as indeed are most of them. The woman who is close behind the fine *Frenchman*, seems to pay particular attention to some part of his dress, which has also most forcibly struck the old fudge behind her. An old gentleman near them smiles complacently on the little children near him; and the peruke of the old gentleman (whose stockings are rolled at the top) seems made to keep his neck and shoulders comfortably warm, very different from that of the *French* beau. Why is a *kite* suspended at the top of the chapel?

The fine lady seems expatiating on the accomplishments of her son, and the young gentleman

* "Faith, these are politic notes!" See p. 256, of Mr. *Nichols's Anecdotes*.

himself

himself does not seem very insensible to them; he is in the attitude of adoring his own sweet person, and is finely contrasted with his opposite neighbour, who (poor boy!) distresses himself very little on account of *his* dress, his grief proceeds from a more substantial cause; the *French* gentleman is on the point of saluting this little puppy, and probably says to the lady “ que Monsieur est aimable!”

Whoever attentively views the black servant, the pretty maid, and the *cause* of the sudden spirt of the gravy (which may probably scald the already-afflicted boy) will justly term *Hogarth* a painter of the passions. Most likely the gentleman in the window, who so eagerly grasps at the mutton and collyflower, would think his wife a real *good woman*, if *her* head was off, as *her* voice (if one may judge from her countenance) seems pretty shrill. There appears to be two mutton-chops painted at the bottom of the sign, which one should be more inclined to think *good-eating*, than a Baptist's head.

E V E N I N G.

The rich leaves of the vine, and still richer fruit, the jaded spaniel, the full-leaved trees, and the tightness of miss's shoe, all assist in telling us the extreme heat of the weather, without the additional assistance of madam's embroiled face, and the *big round drops coursing down her innocent cheek*. Though the husband pulls off his hat and gloves, to enable him the more cheerfully

cheerfully to bear the weight of his child, who holds tightly by his neckcloth, (so sultry an evening!) and is further obliged to support the weight of his wife's resting on his shoulder; yet the passions expressed in his face may proceed not only from these causes, but from his dire apprehension of offending his unwieldy rib, who obliges him to attend on her each Sunday evening to some bread and butter manufactory, at a time when he, perhaps, may be longing to attend his club at *the Nag's-Head*, with *Jemmy Perkins the packer*, and *little Tom Simkins the grocer*. The child's shoe is fallen off unobserved, which may occasion him a good cuff, if the maid-servant behind does not luckily pick it up; the heel of the child's stocking being quite wore away, shews madam to be a very careless housewife. The three people under the window appear to be round a table refreshing themselves. There seems to be a *goose* painted as the sign to the other house; and the subject which decorates madam's fan is *Venus and Adonis*:—pity she has not one of *Mr. Hall of Margate's pastoral twined crooks* *. The domineering and tyrannic sway of the mother seems infused into her ill-tempered daughter. *Mr. Foote* might have been indebted to this print for the first conception of his inimitable *Jerry Sneak* and wife; and might have introduced the major, who is *as vicious as an old ram*, from the circumstance of the cow's horns; and *Mrs. Sneak* is made to exclaim,

* See *Mr. Keate's "Sketches from Nature,"* vol. II. p. 104.

"No country jaunts but to *Islington*;" from which place they are now returning.

N I G H T.

The coach breaks down in a most unlucky spot, and if the butcher and his neighbour are not very quick in opening the door, the dilemma of the passengers will be still more woeful, as the coach will very soon be on fire. When the serpent is stopt in its progress, by coming to the bottom of the coach, it will make them dance pretty merrily. The person's hand behind the coach may be a passenger's; there is no basket; pity we don't see the confusion of the coachman and his outside passengers. The fiery light, which is seen on the other side of King *Charles's* statue, proceeds from a bonfire, or probably from a house on fire, to shew the danger of throwing squibs and serpents, and which may have occasioned the horses to overturn the coach. Why has the man next the butcher a *wooden* sword? The figure of the nightman (if it is a nightman) is admirably fine; he follows *part* of the system of dress of the noted *Sam House*; and he fixes his bit of candle with a dab of clay. The waiter (with his snuffers) appears a little *bouzy*, though not so outrageous as the Freemason, whose cut on the forehead is fresh and bleeding; that on the waiter's is an old bruise from some former rejoicing night.

The inimitable figure in the shop seems to represent some fat oil-man, who is getting himself ready
for

for supper ; he appears a very fit person to be admitted a member of a certain snug society, in the parish of *St. Clement Danes*, who have made it a rule for many years, regularly every Sunday, the very moment church is over, to *disjourn* to a fixed house, and the regulations of this *worshipful society* are—to remain only one half hour—to have regularly, the year through, nothing but a small fuetty dumpling each—and each person to have no more than one pint of porter. This comes too before their dinner, which in all likelihood is ready in a quarter of an hour afterwards.

Dr. *Trusler* says, that in this shop “ we discover “ the joint operation of shaving and *bleeding* by a “ drunken ’prentice ; beneath is a beggars’ bagnio ;” we may see the confusion these poor creatures will be in, by knocking their heads against the top of the bulk when bounced up by the squib of this unlucky lad.

STROLLING ACTRESSES dressing in a Barn.

This admirable piece has received a very distinguished compliment from Mr. *Walpole* ; to dwell then further on its general merit would be absurd : but, as *Trusler* has not particularly directed the attention to the places where many of the allusions are to be discovered, I will, in order to save my readers the trouble, point them out as clearly as I can.

“ Les comediens de campagne” (says *Rouquet*, in the only mention he makes of this print) “ sont representez dans une grange, au millieu d’un mēlange ridicule de misere et de pompe theatrale, se preparant a jouer une tragedie.” The corn and the flail hanging at the top of the barn, with the hen and chickens, strongly denote the place. The candles are stuck on the stage in dabs of clay; and it is very likely that more than one of them will be broke before the curtain draws up. It is clear that the time in which they are now assembled is the summer season, as there is but one candle lighted, and that is for the purpose of lighting the other candles as soon as the *orchestra* is fitted, or the company begin to enter. This candle is setting fire to the basket, which (from its label) may be termed “ beggarly set off with the regalia of royalty.” *Flora*, having put on her *boop*, is dressing her hair with a candle and drudger-box of flour; her robe, and a shell with *rouge* in it, a candle stuck in something like a broken coffee-mill, with (probably) the crust of a *Cbeshire* cheese, are the other ornaments of this lovely nymph’s toilet *. At the foot of the bed (which may occasionally serve for *Desdemona’s*) is a gridiron for their

* “ There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loseth no time, because you stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.” *Swift’s Directions to the Cook*.—But quære, Whether this piece of cheese is not a piece of a broken looking glass?

beef-steaks; and whether the eggs on the bed are for their suppers (one of which is quashed); or whether to render the *syren's* voice still more clear and enchanting, I know not. The two play-bills are well worth reading *; and the respect they shew the Act which declares them vagrants is visible from its being soiled with the pap-cup; nor is less regard shewn to the crown, near which is a chamber-pot. The poor little child, in cocking up its eye at its mother (for the bill gives the part of the eagle to a woman, and indeed this bird's shoes are of the female kind), is terrified with a most frightful and angry aspect, and throws up its pap, which the provident mamma (wanting to put the child to bed) would willingly thrust back. *Aurora* (not *Guido's*) is doing a very kind office for an intoxicated *syren*, in cracking a louse; and this *syren* is very comfortably cheering up the spirits, or endeavouring to abate the tooth-ach of a female, whose tears can scarce proceed from her being obliged to appear in men's cloaths (there being but one man, a *Mr. Bilkvillage*, in the company), unless, indeed, she has been but a very short time with this *abstract and brief chronicle of the times*: her

* "The tragedy of *Jane Shore* has been presented here this week, when Mrs. *Cibber* exerted those powers which have justly procured her the reputation of a great actress; and in the mad scene, the expression in her countenance, and the irresistible magic of her voice, thrilled to the very soul of the audience; after which they were entertained with the surprising phenomenon of *Rope-Dancing*." *Gray's Inn Journal*, vol. I. 33.

tears may proceed from severe pain ; and Mr. *Hogarth* by this may insinuate, that, from the scarcity of performers, no pain, distemper, or sufferings whatever, will excuse them from *fretting* their hour upon the stage ; this female, and the monkey (who seems to be afflicted with the gravel, and both of whom have strange apparel for *Jupiter's* court) are to represent the attendants, as every other part of this diabolical drama is exactly filled up. One set of the upright waves is *leaning* on the festooned column ; and a hen and her two little chickens are *asleep* on the other set. If there had been no roof to the barn, I should have supposed the drum, trumpet, and besom, were placed on the roof of a pig-stye. *Cupid's* theatrical wings not permitting him to fly, he is obliged to mount a ladder, in order to reach *Jupiter's* stockings, to which his majesty is pointing, having borrowed *Cupid's* bow, and they are hanging to *dry* on the clouds*.

Diana, who is treading on her *boop*, seems not quite so chaste as the *isicle* (from *purest snow*) that

* PROMPTER.

Harkee, *Saunders*,—the managers have ordered me to discharge the man at the lightning ; he was so drunk the last time he flashed, that he has finged all the clouds on that side the stage. [*Pointing to the clouds.*]

SAUNDERS.

Yes, yes, I see it ; and harkee—he has burnt a hole in the new cascade, and set fire to the shower of rain—but mum——

PROMPTER.

The deuce——he must be discharged directly.

Mr. *Garrick's* "Peep behind the Curtain," p. 10.

generally

generally hangs on her majesty's temple. The head of *Medusa*, on the target, is certainly not improperly placed near this ranting representative of the pale moon, but it would have been more properly placed near the female tumbler. The bowl or goblet of poison is on the point of tumbling on *Medusa's* head, being pushed off the *altar* by the devil's paw. One of the cats is very busily employed in rolling about the globe of royalty (neither of whose tails have yet been bled), while the other is pawing the lyre of *Apollo*, which has a rope or halter (I think) thrown across it. I am at a loss to find out the use of the cups and balls, unless they are for conjuring; if so, they and the dark lantern pay but a very poor compliment to the lights of the church, whose mitre, instead of being filled with those qualities with which *Shakspeare* has immortalized the good old *Cranmer*, is here stuffed with, and serves as a basket for plays. The accuser of *Cranmer* was certainly a dark lantern to religion—he won few straying souls with modesty again.

A cushion, old wigs, and a monkey pissing in *Alexander's* helmet*, are other objects in this corner. *Night*, fable Goddess! (very properly represented by a black girl) having just descended from her ebon throne, and on whom the *star of evening* shines very conspicuously (being a small brass instrument used

* To what base uses may we return, *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole? *Hamlet*.

in marking pastry, unless indeed it belongs to a drawer in the table), is, with a very pretty twirl in her little finger, drawing up a hole in the stocking of the wife of *Jove* *, who, sitting on an inverted wheelbarrow, is preparing to *drown the stage in tears*, and whose present throne may occasionally serve for that of *Denmark*; or (filled with stones and brick-bats) for the thundering machine of her husband, whose bolt rests very quietly near the tinder-box, and which, together with a rolling-pin and salt-box (the marks on which I cannot guess the meaning of), are all placed upon a turned-up trunk. The pale emaciated ghost (with one eye) is next presented to our view, whose dagger is stuck in the cloak, out of the way, that she may more *à son aise* enjoy her pleasant pastime, in extracting *blood* from a poor cat's tail, for some of the bloody scenes in this tragedy. The squalling of this unfortunate animal, as well as that of the child (who is throwing up its pap) will not much assist the inspiration of *Juno*, and may probably very soon draw forth her *majesty's* wrath; the cat's wrath has caused the female tumbler to have *distraction in her aspect*, and from the great scarcity of men in this company, she strikes one as being admirably calculated to *play Hercules rarely, or a part to tear a cat in*. *Jupiter* seems (as soon as he has put on his clean stockings) to be thinking of a bit of supper,

* ————— High queen of state,
Great *Juno*; ——— I know her by her gait.

Tempest.

or rather a luncheon, or way-bait before, having just left on the *altar*, his pot of porter *, a two-penny loaf, some tobacco in a paper, and a pipe full of it, *smoking* on this altar, and will then probably remove the crust of *Cheshire* cheese from *Flora's* toilet. Two young devils with horns just budded are taking the liberty of tasting this porter before *Jupiter* returns; and, if one may judge from both their countenances, it seems to be a very favourite liquor with them; the attitude and expression of impatience in the one, who has a hole in his arm-pit, is admirably fine; but the exuberant relish of the other can never fail of drawing some handsome compliment to the painter's genius. A base-viol is leaning against the altar; and behind the female tumbler are some old scenes, such as that of a tree, or a wood; with some linen drying; a paint-pot and pallet on a bench; *Roman* standards occasionally serving for every nation under heaven, and from the position of one of these standards, the senate and Roman people are supported from falling by a rope-dancer's cord. A little above, appears a scene painted for the representation of *Lee's Oedipus*; the flag and triumphal car will grace their processions; and the latter, filled with stones, and rolled along the

* "Ladies, you can't possibly have any thunder and lightning this morning; one of the planks of the thunder-trunk started the other night; and, had not *Jupiter* stepp'd aside to drink a pot of porter, he had been knock'd in the head with his own thunderbolt." Mr. *Garrick's* "Peep behind the Curtain," p. 22.

elastic planks, will make most admirable thunder *. The dragons are certainly not sleeping on the clouds: they seem pretty watchful; and should the clown's eye pop upon them, he will, no doubt, quickly remove his quarters, and may get a very severe tumble for his peeping †.

The ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

We yet want to know what game the little girl has been playing at with her ball, and the sprigs, or something like them, which are stuck in the ground. The little boy most probably made the hole to piddle in, “and the little miss is looking earnestly on the “operation;” her little eyes wondering that her brother should perform that operation in a different manner from what she does. The sharp and fiery rage of the almost distracted musician might perhaps have been a little softened, had his eyes been fixed directly on the face of the merry milkmaid; but unfortunately rivetting them on the poor Jew, *his* discordant note, and the serene and happy contentedness of his features, serve to increase his rage almost to madness. The expression in the fowgelder's

- * “Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
“Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
“Immortal *Rich!* how calm he sits at ease,
“Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
“And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
“Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.”

Dunciad, B. III. l. 259.

† See Appendix, N° 9.

face

face cannot be overlooked. It would be no very easy question to determine which of the many noises in this *Babel of savage sounds* would be the most tormenting, supposing a musician, or indeed any other person who had his hearing, was obliged to support one of them—it is very easy to say which would be preferred.

As Mr. *Nichols* has given us the very excellent remarks of Dr. *Beattie*, I cannot resist introducing the following humane and generous compliment which Mr. *Murphy* pays to *Cervetti*, as he is the musician generally supposed to be introduced; he is lately dead (since Mr. *Nichols's* last edition of his work), and, as I have been informed, was decently buried by means of a contribution among the performers of *Drury-lane*, among whom Mr. *King* was a very liberal contributor. “The person here intended is *Monf. Cervetti*, who has been a standing joke with the upper gallery for a long time past, on account of the length of his nose; but as I am informed that no feature of his mind is out of proportion, unless it be that his good qualities are extraordinary, I take this opportunity to mention that it is cruel to render him uneasy in the business in which he is eminent, and by which he must get a livelihood.” *Gray's-Inn Journal*, Vol. II. p. 18.

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

P L A T E I.

Not only the crutches are marked with a dignifying coronet, but the bed, the chandelier, the looking-glass, the side-board, the chairs, the footstool, and the very dogs. *Rouquet* and *Trusler* mention one of the lawyers as viewing with admiration the *beauty* of the edifice; but it was reserved for Mr. *Walpole's* eye to discover the blunders in the architecture.

The nobleman is probably saying—that though the mortgage certainly takes off so much from the estate—*yet consider, sir, my blood*!* and the thief in the candle is emblematick of the nobleman's estate being run to waste by negligence. From Mr. *Nichols's* happy explanation of one of the pictures in this apartment, we have to regret his not proceeding in the same clear and pleasing manner with the others, as well as with that of Neptune on the cieling;—there are, no doubt, covert allusions in each of them.

P L A T E II.

“Cette figure du mari,” says *Rouquet*, “par la nouveauté du tour, la finesse, le détail, et la vérité de l'expression, est à mon goût une figure extrême-

* “Though my estate is certainly much incumbered (said a nobleman to a rich citizen when met to settle terms for his marriage with the daughter), yet, consider, my dear Sir, there's my blood!”——“Oh! d—n your blood, said the old gentleman, my daughter can't live upon your blood, when you have spent all her fortune.”

“ment

“ment heureuse.” This methodistical steward may not have those *faithful* and feeling qualities for the family which *Rouquet* and Dr. *Trusler* suppose him to have ; he may be one of those who are more inclined to *sweat an estate*.

“The *crafty* steward’s bills are past,

“Yet shrugs because it cannot last.”

From the candles in the chandelier being almost all burnt to the socket, *Hogarth* may insinuate, that the hymeneal torch or candle is very near, if not quite, extinguished ; and by the picture over the chimney-piece, of Cupid playing on the bag-pipes, and the pillars or columns of some edifice tumbling to pieces, as well as from his bow being unstrung, he may hint, that, from their love being unstrung, the harmony of their house or edifice is tumbling to pieces : but I am dissatisfied with this explanation, and wish much to see another. The heterogeneous mixture of ornaments round the clock, as well as those strange and frightful ones on the chimney-piece, are a strong satire and ridicule on the rage for such *diableries* at the time when these prints first came out. The disposition of the pictures in placing two of the Apostles, and the Virgin Mary, near one which is very properly concealed, strongly indicates his lordship’s principles. I am at a loss to make out what the Virgin Mary has in her hand ; and who is represented behind the chandelier with a dagger in his hand. The sleepy yawn of the servant, with *no hat*

upon his head (but rather a night-cap), *ungartered*, and *down-gyved to his ankle*, makes him very inattentive to the candle on one of the tea-tables, which has set fire to the back of a chair, while he has been taking a standing nap on another; and I hope the lines which I have subjoined as a note will not be deemed improperly descriptive of a very disgusting object at entering many parlours *, and which is very visible in this.

P L A T E III.

As four differing explanations have been given of this print, I will hazard a fifth; or it is rather indeed (in part) a coincidence with Mr. *Nichols's*, as I should be extremely loath, and very cautious, in differing from that gentleman.

We may suppose his lordship has communicated the infection to the girl, and that he is now saying to *Monf. de la Pillule*, “Were these the pills, “you dirty rascal, that were to cure the girl? you

* Have you not seen a dog call'd *Pug*,
Perch'd on a cushion or a rug?
Or mounted in an easy chair,
With nose erect and saucy air?
Go when you will, this little snarler
Reigns the curst tyrant of the parlour.
No overtures of peace can please him;
Your forc'd civilities but tease him.
Present your hand, he bites your knuckles;
Put forth your foot, he snaps your buckles.
His yelping wounds your tortur'd ears;
His snarling tricks alarm your fears.

Euphrosyne, Vol. I. p. 88.

“deserve

“deserve a severe caning—they have had no effect—
 “she is worse instead of better.”——“Ma foi! c’est
 “bien drole cela—vy den, you leetel huffy, did you
 “not take dem regulièrement, and all de tre boxes
 “as I did tell you?” He is wiping his spectacles for
 an examination or inspection. The procureess, in-
 flamed with rage, not only at his lordship—“having
 “diseased her favourite girl,” but with the reflection
 of the girl’s having been engaged perhaps to some
 valued customer, as well as with the seeming uncon-
 cern which the peer shews at the girl’s situation;
 these rouse her revenge, and, like *Sbylock*, she is feel-
 ing the edge of the knife, and meditating the infernal
 scheme of plunging it *nearest his heart*. Notwith-
 standing the inefficacy of the pills, she apparently
 seems no ways enraged against the quack, otherwise
 she would conceal the knife from him with the same
 caution she conceals it from the determined victim;
 in all probability she and *Pillule* have been long in-
 timate: a mutual interest may have long subsisted
 between his shop and her house. Those who are
 inclined to think his lordship would not exchange the
 soft timidity of the girl for the age and harshness of
 the other, may be unwilling to adopt one part of Dr.
Trusler’s explanation, and indeed of Mr. *Rogers’s*, that
 “he is represented as having brought with him two
 “females, with whom he has been acquainted, that
 “the doctor might determine to which of the two
 “he might attribute his disorder.”

The

The two engines may serve as a specimen of our *dramatic painter's* turn for mechanism; and the fly-look of the skull, the proud aspiring *bauteur* of one of the mummies, or dried bodies, or whatever they are, with the various other strange fantastick contents of this museum, as specimens of his inexhaustible humour. We may presume the person to have been shot who formerly owned the skull; and the barber's bason, with the old comb, are no improper ridicule of the absurd contents of many of these repositories *.

P L A T E IV.

The pictures in this room, however characteristick of the taste of the noble owner, deserve not an explanation; and, from one of the lady's purchases in the basket, we may presume her taste (in this respect at least) to be perfectly coincident with that of her husband. A chamber-pot composes part of this grotesque collection; and there seems to be a child's coral hanging from the lady's chair. How admir-

* This fantastick collection reminds me of a very entertaining account Mr. *Brydone* has given of a most strange assemblage of monsters in the museum of the prince of *P——*, which he describes in the second volume of his *Tour*, where (after an enumeration of many articles) he observes, that the prince may be truly said not to have broken the second commandment, there not being the likeness of any thing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, and that his bed-chamber and dressing-room are like two apartments in *Noah's ark*, there being scarce a beast, however vile, that he has not placed there; toads, frogs, serpents, lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble, and of their respective colours,

able is the contrast of expression in Mrs. *Lane*, and her *cher moitié!* and what a contemptible figure would Mr. *Lane's* next neighbour cut in accompanying him, “après quelque renard ou quelque cerf;” nor are the taper legs of Monsieur *en papillote* less admirably contrasted with the *lumbering logs* of *Carrestini*, on whom is darted from the black servant a look, which may be equalled, but, perhaps, may never be surpassed; and the face of *Weideman* makes one almost think we hear the very flute blow. Expressions such as these evince the truth of Mr. *Gilpin's* lines: “Of his expression, in which the force of
 “his genius lay, we cannot speak in terms too high.
 “In every mode of it he was truly excellent. The
 “passions he thoroughly understood; and all the
 “effects which they produce in every part of the
 “human frame.”

P L A T E V.

The dying nobleman is very fine: we should admire it much more, were it not so suddenly contrasted with the constable's face. St. *Luke*, with his cow, seem both taking a peep; and Mr. *Hogarth* has displayed his talents for historick painting, by covering the wall with a piece of tapestry, probably representing *The Slaughter of the Innocents*. We cannot but regret the faintness of some of the impression, as it almost obscures the sublime majesty of the awful sovereign who sits in judgement, as well as several
 I others

others in this curious group. I am at a loss to find out whose portrait that is which hangs up at one end, and which partly hides some very tall person, probably a *Judean* constable.

PLATE VI.

The physician and the apothecary shew little concern at the tender scene of the expiring mother. "Ce qui sert à garnir cet appartement," says *Rouquet*, "ne contribue pas à l'orner; tout y indique une économie basse." The cobweb over the window, the *wooden* clock, the old broken punch-bowl on the top of *his* book-case, and the picture, in which is a spit and shoulder of mutton, with the careless manner in which another instance of *Hogarth's* purity in painting is hung up, are all illustrative of the above remarks, and strongly contrast the apartments of the husband, and of the wife, with the sheriff's parlour, whose chain is seen here as well as in the first plate, and whose gown is hanging on the pegs. The picture over the door would ornament an elegant chamber: one cannot *chuse* but *smile* at this delightful frolick of *Hogarth's* fancy.

A STAGE-COACH.

Mr. *Child* has a bib and tucker under his chin; and the old woman in the basket seems heartily to enjoy the '*lectionneering* fun': her happy countenance serves as a fine contrast to the forlorn one of the French

French soldier, whose *gaieté du cœur* has suffered a melancholy change; and whose chop-fallen and depressed spirits ought to preserve him from the gibes of *Ben Block* of the Centurion, who is going to pull his hat off. The spelling of the *Old Angle In Tom. Bates from London*, is as much in character as *Parsons Intier But Bear*, in the *Harlot's Progress*. The expression of the fellow blowing the French-horn is admirable; and his neighbour seems on the point of discharging a load, which will quicken the motions of the gentleman who is discharging his bill, and who, from the act against bribery and corruption in his pocket, is probably a lawyer; who is now going home, the election being nearly ended; he is throwing a look on one of his *compagnons du voyage*; whom he probably thinks a queer quiz, and whose stuff-gut plumpness is admirably contrasted with *Deborah Drybones*; an antiquated piece of stale virginity, whom good-natured Fortune may place as an opposite neighbour in the coach to this last, and may indulge the lawyer in the supreme comfort of having as his opposite neighbour the child, who

“ in his mother's lap”

“ Squalling, brings up at once three meals of pap.”

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

PLATE I.

The several passages from Scripture are excellently applied, though, perhaps, the figures facing you in

the 8th plate render that passage otherwise; and the same objection will be against that in the last plate. The pipe, the dishabille, the unbuttoned neck, the coat worn out at the elbow, with a bit of his shirt coming out just above, and the uncombed pate of the idle 'prentice, are as strong traits of character as the regular prim stock, the buttoning of the coat, the neatly combed hair, and the general smush neatness of the industrious one. The bull's pizzle is a very proper instrument of correction for the idle one's having been so careless of his *guide*.

P L A T E II.

The 'prentice's hair is here turned down over his forehead, whereas in the first plate it is turned up: but *where many beauties shine, we must not cavil at a few mistakes*: in plate the fourth he begins to wear a wig. Had he had ruffles (being Sunday) it would have been most 'prenticelike—if in the year 1747 it was customary for 'prentices to wear them. The figure asleep is the very picture of a greasy thick-headed tallow-chandler, full of ideas (if he has any at all) of *fat contented ignorance*; blind fortune may have given a noble independancy to this compound of dripping and suet, and yet forced *Rousseau*, the sublime and virtuous *Rousseau*, to subsist by copying musick. *Trusler* observes that he pays not “the least regard to his spiritual interest, choosing rather to sleep away his salvation.” The fat lady above

is wrapt up in the sublime harmony of *Sternbold* and his associate : she seems to be,

“ Some great fat wife, of some great fat shop-keeper.”

The figure opposite her, and the content and joy of the two women who are sitting under Miss *West*, are admirable. The old toothless pew-keeper is quite *the thing*; she is not so polite, perhaps, in turning her back to the congregation. One cannot but regret that want of expression which is unavoidable in many of the small faces : had the plates been larger, he might have exhibited an admirable group; and even these which are visible differ so much as to be different faces in the various impressions. The set of these plates which *Sayer* published (at least this second plate) has many faces in it much superior to those in the set which *Mrs. Hogarth* has printed. In the second plate by *Sayer*, the two women sitting under the young lady are indeed admirable, as well as the clerk; and there are several other faces in *Sayer's* impression well worth looking at, particularly a sharp-looking gentleman in the second pew below; the two women behind his seat, a man's face in the isle, who is the very last but one, and a melancholy-looking woman two rows before him; nor can the inattention of a gentleman in the gallery near to the pillar, nor the two clergymen, be overlooked. Miss, perhaps, is thinking more of a husband than of the Psalms.

P L A T E III.

The words of "Here lyeth the body of" are well applied, as the body of the 'prentice lyeth there. The fellow with a black patch over his eye (knock'd out perhaps in some nocturnal revel), is the companion of the idle 'prentice in murder and robbery, in the ninth plate, and turns evidence against him in the tenth plate. There is a good expression in the beadle's face; but this print is disgusting, from its indelicacy; it is certainly a copy of *nature*, but it is "*la basse nature*."

P L A T E IV.

In this and the two following plates *Hogarth's* genius rather fails him; he has, however, for his tameness in these scenes, made ample amends when the plot thickens: perhaps his mind was anxious to arrive at that scene where his genius shines *dans tout son jour*—the execution at *Tyburn*. The master's figure is very interesting.

P L A T E V.

Mr. *Walpole* observes of his works in general, that, *though mirth coloured his pictures, yet benevolence designed them*, which may justly be applied to this print: he touches the passions with a strong pencil, and interests us feelingly in this scene of the poor mother, who is soon to take a long, perhaps, a last, farewell of her son, whose insolent gibing cannot abate her maternal

maternal affection. We are pleased to see the cat-o'-nine-tails so near him, heartily wishing he may very soon experience that *unsoft pencil* *.

P L A T E VI.

Beneyolence has some share in this print; the sight of the poor woman receiving the broken meat raises those sentiments: nor can we over-look the faithful attendance of the poor dog, who deserts not the poor and scanty fare he must meet with by attaching himself to his crippled master. The awkwardness of the men beating the drums shews us they are common workmen; nor can the brute of a butcher, who is jealous of his own musick, escape the eye.

P L A T E VII.

Dr. Truster has so fully described this print, that nothing more can be added.

P L A T E VIII.

Self-importance, and the *insolence of office*, are strongly marked in the beadle. In *Sayer's* copy there are many droll faces in the musick gallery; but in *Mr. Hogart's* there is not one. The very fat

* It appears, from "Adyice to the officers of the British Army," that the drum-major is termed first painter to the regiment; that his pencils, indeed, are none of the softest; and though he does not aim at the grace of *Raphael*, or the grandeur of *Michal Angelo*, yet he must not yield to *Titian* in colouring: and that it is his office to furnish the pencils for the young painters, vulgarly call'd cat-o'-nine-tails.

gentleman has evidently burnt himself* ; and an officer has left his hat on the bench opposite this gentleman, to secure himself a seat. Sir *W. Walworth* is always painted with a dagger, having forced *Wat Tyler's* from him, when on the point of stabbing *Richard the Second*.

P L A T E IX.

The woman with a pot of beer, and who has no nose, seems perfectly reconciled to this dreadful scene ; and the fellow who is smoking his pipe (and insensible of the chimney-piece being on fire), views the wretch thrusting the unhappy object into a hole with calm unconcern ; with his little pot, and his pipe, he is quite *à son aise*, as much so as his snoring neighbour, and seems as much familiarized to these infernal scenes as the grenadier. The piece of a cord suspended from the beam may have performed the exit of some unhappy wretch tired with life.

P L A T E X.

Trusler is of opinion that this scene represents the moment of the facts having been inquired into, and that his *mittimus* is now making out, and that the woman who is feeding the clerk is bribing him on account of some other trial which is now coming on ; but is it not more likely to suppose it represents

* “ Musick has charms to sooth a savage breast,
“ And therefore proper at a sheriff’s feast.”

the very moment of his first coming to the bar? and that the unexpected sight makes the *companion of his childhood* shrink with humane concern; it is not (as *Trufter* observes) "the gold chain, or scarlet robe, that constitutes the character, but the feelings of the man within." The afflicted mother is interceding with the self-important corpulent constable, and pleading hard to gain him over, vainly imagining he may throw in some ray of comfort. Another constable is shewing to an inquiring person the sword and pistols found on the prisoner. The prostitute, who betrayed him in the night-cellar, is bribing the swearing clerk to befriend the one eyed wretch, who has turned evidence against his companion, and who is taking the usual oath, and whose left hand (as *Trufter* observes), instead of his right, is laid upon the book, which the clerk's eagerness in taking the money makes him unobservant of. The clerk on the other side may be only directing the *mittimus* in the common form (having nothing else to do perhaps), that it may be the sooner filled up when the magistrate finds facts enough established on which he may commit him. Had this unhappy wretch been interceding for mercy *after* the facts had been proved against him, the words of *Isabella* and *Angela* would not be inapplicable:

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew justice.

P L A T E X I.

In * this scene *Hogarth* has given full scope to his inimitable humour: had the plate been larger, we should have had no reason to regret the loss of numberless comicalities, which must now be lost. The emblematick figures on each side are in this plate changed to skeletons, and in the next to cornucopiæ; or horns of plenty. This print is full of beauties; but as it is amply described by *Trusler*, very little can be added. The two little lads laughing at the soldier plunging into the mud; are very good figures; and the contented comfortableness of the porter, who is smoking his pipe, and standing pretty deep himself in the mud, is a strong trait of character. A child, who is near the person behind the coach, seems to be in a dangerous situation; and this person's face in *Sayer's* print is an admirable one. The unthinking mother, who is pummelling the fellow who pushed down her child, is little apprehensive of its being now in much more danger, which raises the pity of the person selling gin. I cannot find out why the butcher carries a *tye* wig on his stick.

One of the fair, or rather the female sex, now presents herself, to whom (*so wild in her attire!*) *Hogarth* has done complete justice. Had the thane of *Cawdor*, on his visit to the dark and gloomy cave of the weird sisters, been saluted by *this midnight*

* See Appendix, N^o 144

bag, he probably would have been too much confounded to have told *pale-hearted fear it lied*. Our painter found himself not quite so much at his ease with *Sigismunda* as with this figure, who, I dare say, would be very glad of a sheep's heart for *her* dinner, and whose amorous warmth is in very little danger of being turned holy by despair.

The ragamuffin, who is near this woman, looks with contempt on the *poor sneaking dog* in the cart, and is on the point of throwing a half starved puppy between the unhappy felon and the preacher, which will not a little discompose their devotion, and may be the means of stifling the pity and commiseration of the crowd, as much as a circumstance which very lately happened *. The woman's face, who is clawing the boy, is admirable; her nose (in *Sayer's* copy) is half-eaten away, the consequence probably of *unholy* amorous warmth. The little girl is taking a fly advantage of *Tiddy-Dol's* reciting the virtues of

* *Extract of a Letter from Nottingham, March 31.* "This day came on the election of representatives to serve in parliament for this town, when Robert Smith and D. P. Coke, Esqrs. were chosen without any opposition. Unfortunately two poor unhappy convicts were ordered for execution the same day, and, with a vast concourse of people, were just passing the Guildhall as they were proceeding to chair the new-elected members. The supporters of the grand triumphal car were insensibly forced by the current of the people to attend Jack Ketch's more humble one quite to the foot of the gallows, which occasioned so much mirth to the croud, that the poor miserable wretches suffered without the seeming regret of a single individual." From the *Birmingham Gazette*, 1784.

his cakes, and with the produce of her cunning may cheer up the longing looks of her brother. The only person who seems affected in this scene is the woman in the cart just above, who interests us much more than the curiosity of the awkward staring creature in the next cart, who is leaning on the shoulders of a woman purchasing a glass of gin.

P L A T E XII.

I am at a loss to discover what are the subjects represented on the two painted cloths, or tapestry, which are hanging down from the prince's balcony. The apothecaries' company is seen under the man in armour. Among this admirable ridicule of the city-militia, we may presume there are several in the situation of Sir John *Falstaff's* recruits, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads. The fat soldier with his pot of porter, and the little lad bawling out and *vexing the ghost of Thomas Idle*, are as beautiful in their contrast, as the tall soldier (whose firelock is most carelessly going off) is to the feeble figure of the man, whom he seems to be joking for his not being able to see the procession. The head-dress of each is well varied; and we cannot but wish that Mr. *Hogarth* had given us a representation of Sir John's recruits, or of the country soldiers in *Henry the Fourth*, viz. *Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf*, with their two serjeants *Pbang* and *Snare*.

Snare *. In the scaffold, next to the militia-men; are two very droll faces, who sit near the mother and her child; and the drunken soldier on the opposite side, who is tumbling against the post, does not seem to be much afflicted with the *strangury*. The office of sword-bearer might be instituted with a design to represent the awful dignity of supreme justice: whether this sword-bearer impresses the *canaille* (or indeed any other persons) with such sentiments, each one is at liberty to judge for himself. The careless and dangerous seats which some unthinking fellows have chosen on the ridge of a roof (like those who are drinking porter and hallooing in the same frightful situation in *Beer-street*) is a strong trait of the

* Mr. *Nichols* observes, that *Hogarth* did paint the first of these subjects, which Mr. *Garrick* purchased at Lord *Essex's* sale, and that it was but an indifferent performance. As the second *Hogarth* has favoured us with his *Recruits*, we may yet hope he will adorn the memory of a poet he cannot but love, by presenting us with some of the many admirable scenes of old acquaintance *Jack*—with *Launce* and his dog *Crab*—the examination scene before *Dogberry* and *Verges*—the preparation for the most lamentable comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*—Sir Andrew *Aguecheek* and Sir *Toby Belch*—*Jack Cade* with the clerk of *Chatham*:

“*Smith*. The clerk of *Chatham*: he can write and read, and
“cast accompt.

“*Cade*. O monstrous!

“*Smith*. We took him setting of boys' copies;”
as well as with many other comick ones, from that rich and inexhaustible store-house. And should the gentler and more sublime passions of *Shakspeare* engage his attention, may

——“the Graces all his figures place,
“And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face.”

daring hardiness of the *English*; and the crowds who are *darting their desiring eyes* from every window, from the tops of each house, and from every place where they can possibly get a peep, shew the eager desire which citizens have of viewing this noted procession *. It is dangerous to attempt innovations on our admired painter; but, perhaps, it would have had no bad effect to have introduced "a poor devil" tumbling down the roof of the house, and two droll figures in the shed laughing at him, something like the two lads in the last plate, or like the man under this shed in *Sayer's* copy; this unconcern would be as true a stroke of nature as if he had perched a fellow on a chimney-top, sitting cross-legged at his ease, and smoking a pipe: and, had the cord behind the coach been half-worn through, the effect would not have been bad, as the consequence would be so easily guessed †.

* In p. 180, of the second volume, of *Wood's* Body of Conveyancing, in a *London* lease, is a clause of exception for the landlord and his friends to stand in the balcony to see the shows, or pastimes, upon the day commonly called the Lord-Mayor's Day.

† "It would be amusing," (says Mr. Granger, vol. I. p. 249) "to trace the progress of a lord-mayor, from the loom, or the fishmonger's stall, to the chair of the magistrate; to be informed with what difficulty he got the first hundred pounds, with how much less he made it a thousand, and with ease he rounded his plumb. Such are, in the eye of reason, respectable characters; and the more so, as they rose with credit from humbler stations."

THE MARCH to FINCHLEY.

The explanation of this print, by Mr. Bonnel Thornton, precludes every other attempt: I shall therefore only add a few lines*. We are told, by Mr. Nichols, that *Hogarth* acknowledged three portraits, that of the pye-man, the fifer, and the chimney-sweep; and Mr. Nichols further tells us, that the portrait of *Jacob Henriques* is discoverable, though he has not pointed it out; and that Lord *Albemarle Bertie* (the president of the *Cockpit*) is discovered in the crowd round the bruisers; his lordship's eyes are much better in this print than in the other, which came out nine years after this. I am informed by a gentleman, who, at the time when this print first came out, had an opportunity of seeing the guards march each day from *St. James's* to the *Tower*, that he then often remarked the features of the drummer among them, as well as the young grenadier, the serjeant behind, the prim stiff officer, and that the drunken soldier, with his bayonet in his hand, even then, had always a pleasant unthinking carelessness,

* "The æra may arrive, when, through the instability of the English language, the style of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* shall be obliterated, when the characters shall be unintelligible, and the humour lose its relish; but the many personages, which the manners-painting hand of *Hogarth* has called forth into mimic life, will not fade so soon from the canvass; and that admirable *picturesque comedy*, the *March to Finchley*, will perhaps divert posterity as long as the *Foundling Hospital* shall do honour to the *British* nation."

Gray's-Inn Journal, Vol. I. N^o 20.

and

and a lounging attitude; and he has noted a countenance very similar to that of the diseased soldier, “à qui le voyage de *Montpelier* conviendrait mieux que celui d’*Ecosse* :” but the pye-man is rivetted in his memory—the features of his face are indelible. He informs me likewise, that he perfectly well recollects the features of the *Highlander* in disguise; and that the cobbler, who so much enjoys the fight, went by the name of *Jockey James*; that he was a most frequent attendant on this *nursery* for bruising, and always seemed on the point of jumping over their heads with joy; and that though he never entered the lists himself, yet he had a son who was a noted bruiser, and fought very often with *Tom Smallwood*: my informant has seen an incomparable boxing-match between them.

The two other papers of that infernal *Até*, are *The Jacobite Journal* and the *London Evening Post*; and though she has the alluring look of *Hogarth* *, yet we can scarce suppose (with Mr. *Thornton*) that she is the young grenadier’s wife; she is more likely the girl’s mother, though her religion may differ. She thunders to his remembrance *things long forgotten*; and the poor girl gently hints to him, that an expectant birth will be ill supplied with the precarious profit of ballads, gin, and gingerbread. The serjeant

* “A lock of hair falling thus crosses the temples, and by that means breaking the regularity of the oval, has an effect too alluring to be strictly decent.” *Analysis of Beauty*, p. 35.
behind

behind (luckily for himself) seems a proper person to oppose this violent advocate of injured rights. The soldier near him is too warmly engaged to attend to this hurly-burly * ; and Mr. *Nichols* tells us, that *Hogarth* gave half a crown to the little footerkin to fit for his *peculiarly roguish aspect* ; and the same sum to the sweet little fifer for his : pity but what he had extended his pittance to the produce of the drummer's *kinder hours*. Mr. *Thornton* is surely mistaken in his opinion of this drummer ; for the poor fellow beats his drum in order to drown the soft entreaties of those he is unwilling to part from ; to stifle the fearful apprehension of perhaps revisiting them no more, and to dispel the *kind dew that nature has planted in him*. The pretty contented looking child at the mother's back, from its healthy and innocent smile, is a happy contrast to the wan and ghastly creature on the other side, who eagerly stretches out its little paw, longing to partake of its favourite, but destructive, liquor. The *Adam and Eve* is a very proper sign for a gardener ; and an enthusiasm flashes from the fixed attentive eyes of *Jockey James*, whose soul is *lapt up* in his Elysium, and whose arms throw themselves into each attitude of the battered combatants †. The fellow clinging to the sign-post is
an

* Queen *Elizabeth* often wished she was a milk-maid. To have been so kissed by *Essex*, she certainly would have had no objection to have been one.

† In the *Connoisseur*, vol. I. N^o 30, is the following translation

an admirable figure; there are no less than ten women viewing the men fight; and the cool unfeelingness of one, who is before the nobleman, is indeed a trait of nature. The two fudges in the waggon are a strong contrast to the tenderly graceful and interesting *Madona*: one is sorry to view such sweet maternal grace exposed to those tempests and fears which she must meet with in this anxious journey; we ardently wish *the winds of heaven may not visit her face too roughly* *. A tea-kettle is very properly put in the waggon: and the waggish head of *Charles the Second* may allude to the wish of this rebellion being soon crushed, and that a *restoration* of peace, and of our true and lawful sovereign, may be the happy consequence. The two little ducklins, or chickens, are expressing their wish to join their mother, whom the fallen soldier's assisting friend has kindly relieved from the fatigues of waddling, by carrying her a few miles in his pocket. How much more are we attached to that jolly, careless, unthinking fellow, though with all his drunken vices blossomed upon him, than to that prim, priggish, and formal officer,

tion of *Virgil*, prefixed to an account of a bruising-match between *Slack* and *Petit*:

Thumps following thumps, and blows succeeding blows,
Swell the black eye, and crush the bleeding nose;
Beneath the pond'rous fist the jaw-bone cracks,
And the cheeks ring with their redoubled thwacks.

* "The beggar hugs her child, which she can scarce cover
"from the wind, as closely to her, as the greatest princess
"who has a crown to give it." *Royal Register*, vol. V. p. 26.

who

who is near him; we cannot but wish this reeling soldier may soon be able to come up with the fellow carrying his gin-bartel, and undesignedly knock them both down, as the fall of the stiff-neck puppy must be the certain consequence; and yet we are sorry almost to wish this, as it may occasion the downfall of the inoffensive unthinking pye-man. *Mother Cole* (in her own words) may be saying, "My thoughts are fixed upon a better place!" and it is worth while to view the careless lounging attitude of a trollop in one of the top windows. There may be some meaning couched in the blighted tree.

BEER-STREET.

The easy flow of the verses under this print, and the zeal with which they were no doubt written, particularly those under *Gin-Lane*, render them highly proper to accompany these spirited productions of *Mr. Hogarth*. The porter exhibits a fine picture of enjoyment; one is highly pleased to see the poor fellow lift his hand up in such extacy: pity he should ever want wherewithal to purchase a pot of porter. It would be difficult to say, whether this man, or the devil drinking the same liquor on the altar, in the print of the *Strollers*, has the most enjoyment. What a contrast is the unhappy object in *Gin-Lane* to this hearty fellow! The enjoyment of *feeling* is not ill expressed in the drayman: the warmth from the
K young

young woman's palpitating bosom is conveyed through his veins to his eyes.

I know not what character is given of Mr. *Hill's* book, but *Turnbull* certainly deserves not this fate. Mr. *Nichols* very justly observes, that he should have been able to have understood this book before he had ventured to condemn it; had he, instead of this last work, put *Rymer's* contemptible *Reflections on Shakspeare* into the basket, it would have been much better; or the books mentioned in *Swift's* *Directions to a Governess* would not have been amiss*.

From the broken bricks and stones lying so near the door, we may suppose it has not been opened for some time, and that of course he has but few customers; his being in debt makes him afraid to open the door: this is certainly the front door to his shop, from his name being over, as well as the common sign of pawnbrokers. Mr. *Hogarth* from this may infer, that, from the spirit of industry which reigns here, and from each one seeming "busy and merry" "in their various trades and occupations, some singing, some laughing and joking among themselves, all with good humour in their faces, and industrious in their business," that from this their industry (kept up by a liquor which destroys not their health, but gives them hale, robust, and chearful counte-

* "Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, and all the comedies writ in king *Charles* the Second and king *William's* reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted," &c.

nanees, "and a refreshment which trickles through every vein"), they will have no need to frequent pawnbrokers; and that Mr. Nathaniel *Pinch* had much better remove his quarters to *Gin-Lane*, in opposition to *Gripe*, whose house appears to be in very substantial repair.

The jolly blacksmith may have just bought his shoulder of mutton from the butcher, who is seated in the very joy of his heart; and this blacksmith, after his present flourish over the drayman's head, may probably ask him *to eat a bit of mutton* with him. One cannot but wish the poor tattered sign-painter had his pot, as he is almost the only person who is without one; and yet his contented smile may proceed from his seeing the jolly dogs on the roof of the house enjoying theirs, well knowing, that as his job is almost compleated, he will then be entitled to his *. One of the taylors is reaching out his pot to be

* This poor fellow's genius, perhaps, soars no higher than "the daubing diabolical angels for ale-houses, dogs with chains for tanners yards, rounds of beef and roasted pigs for Porridge-Island." *Taste*, a farce, by Mr. Foote.

I should beg pardon for taking the liberty of supposing Mr. *Pope* to have been a painter not much superior to this poor fellow, if his own letter did not authorize my conjecture.—

"You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three *Dr. Swifts*, each of which was once my vanity; two *Lady Bridgewater's*; a *Dutchess of Montague*; besides half-a-dozen earls; and one knight of the garter. I have crucified *Christ* over again in effigie, and made a *Madona* as old as

be filled by the man who will soon come down the ladder, and take it from him by going along the bottom of the roof. The situation of the man in the warehouse is very dangerous ; but he seems as insensible of it as those careless jolly bricklayers on the roof. The person who is walking near the chairman seems to be a gentleman (from the position of his stick), who is sauntering carelessly along, and smiling at the exhausted aspect of the chairman.

Mr. *Nichols* observes of the following publication, " A Dissertation on Mr. *Hogarth's* Six Prints, &c. " 1751, price One Shilling," that it is eleven pence three farthings too dear : but perhaps this censure may be too severe—the print of *Hogarth's* head prefixed to it is certainly worth one shilling ; and though the dissertation on gin may not possess the enchanting harmony of Mr. *Walpole's* pen, and the observations that *strong beer, and its noble companion roast beef*, were the means of rendering our ancestors *wise in council* ; and that *good beer and wholesome nourishing eatables*

" her mother St. *Anne*. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I " have rivalled St. *Luke* himself in painting ; and as it is said, " an angel came and finished his piece, so, you would swear, " a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and " smutted. However, I comfort myself with a christian " reflection, that I have not broken the commandment ; for " my pictures are not the likenesses of any thing in heaven " above, or in the earth below, or in the water under the earth. " Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the " Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, wor- " ship certain idols purely for their ugliness." His third letter to *Gay*.

aided

aided their *piety*, are contemptible, yet we must acknowledge that this anonymous writer hath given us a very clear explanation of the “ Stages of Cruelty ;” and has more than amply, nay, *reduntly apolized* for *all* its imperfections, by that glow of humanity which shines so warmly throughout almost every page of his description of these last prints.

GIN - LANE.

This print, which Mr. *Walpole* observes is *horridly fine, but disgusting*, has been so fully described by *Truster*, that very little can be added.

The poor little child weeping for want of food, perhaps, as well as for the loss of its mother, is indeed painting to the passions. The woman is bringing to the pawnbroker's (among a few other things) her tea-kettle, which is a sign she has pawned every other article in her house for gin, as a tea-kettle is one of the very last articles which the generality of the poor will part with. The two houses next to *Kilman's* are a barber's, and a carpenter's, or joiner's, evident from the coffin : this last person has brought his coat and saw to *Gripe*, and is in the attitude of telling him that his things are worth more than he is willing to give. Four of the persons in this print are *horridly disgusting* indeed : the emaciated wretch (*sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing*), who is attended by his faithful dog, who forsakes not his master even in his poverty—(how different is the starven life which
this

this poor animal leads to that of an old lady's barking fondled lap-dog)—the woman taking snuff—the ravenous chimney-sweep—and the fellow who has drunk himself almost to madness, and yet is taking his bellows and spit to pawn for more gin, and is even insensible to the shrieking agonies of the child whom he has spitted. The cripple, who has a bandage over his eyes, and whose quarrelling proceeds from the effects of gin, is throwing a stool at his antagonist, who has wrested one of his crutches from him*.

The STAGES of CRUELTY.

FIRST STAGE.

Mr. *Hogarth* must have sat down with disgusted feelings when collecting scenes for this inhuman tragedy; a keen sense of the sufferings of unprotected animals, and an anxious wish to root out such detested barbarities, were, no doubt, his chief, perhaps his only inducement in giving us the stages of human cruelty. His accomplished biographer, warmed by the sight of such exertions in the cause of mercy, has immortalized the painter's genius, and has twined round his favourite *Hogarth's* brows, *Ivy never sere*.

* The church in view is *St. George's, Bloomsbury*. *Ralph*, in his *Critical Review* of the Public Buildings, &c. in London, observes, that it is ridiculous and absurd, even to a proverb—that the builder mistook *whim* for genius, and ornament for taste; and that the execrable conceit of sitting up the king on the top of it, excites nothing but laughter in the ignorant, and contempt in the judge.

With

With the penetrating eye of nice discernment, he has presented us with his intellectual character, with his very *soul*, and in language which it is almost cruel to abstract, has stood forth the advocate of those qualities, which have caused the few exceptionable strokes of Mr. *Hegarth's* pencil to sink into immediate oblivion.—“It would be suppressing the merits of his heart,” (says Mr. *Walpole*) “to consider him only as a promoter of laughter. I think I have shown that his views were more generous and extensive. Mirth coloured his pictures, but benevolence designed them.”—And “had he been too severe,” (in *personal* ridicule) “the humanity of endeavouring to root out cruelty to animals would atone for many satires.” Mr. *Walpole*, throughout all his writings, glows with transport when an opportunity offers of adorning the brows of merit; his brilliant compliment to Lord *Burlington* may justly be applied to himself—he had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy. No one more scorns to shew folly and vice one favour, and few would be so much hurt at concealing one virtue: the “*Virgin Queen*,” nor the “*Historick Doubts*,” (maturely considered) cannot be an exception to this.—Whether his censures of *Raleigh*, and of Lord *Falkland*, are, I dare not presume to determine.

This first plate is sufficiently explained by *Trusler*.

The dog licking the hand of the brute, who is tying a bone to his tail, inclines me to quote a few lines,

lines, however imperfect the immediate application of them may be :

O ! blush; and learn fidelity from brutes ;
Dogs have been true to men that have been brutes ;
One knew *Ulysses*, when unknown at home,
And leaping up for joy, with joy expir'd.

Sympathy, a Poem.

SECOND STAGE.

This plate being sufficiently described by *Trusler*, and being too disgusting to dwell on, I shall only insert a paragraph from a late "General Evening Post." "On Monday last a most savage act of cruelty was perpetrated in Holborn. A man, who had the appearance of a smuggler, beat his horse most unmercifully; after some time beating him about the ribs, he, with a large stick, supposed to be loaded with lead, knocked the poor creature down, and, by repeating the blows, at last killed him; he then took off the bridle and saddle, and walked deliberately away, with as little concern as though nothing had happened."

Lloyd, in p. 134, of his Poems, has the following lines:

'Tis not enough each morn, on term's approach,
To club your legal three-pence for a coach.

THIRD

T H I R D S T A G E.

In this plate no one comic trait is thrown in ; bad spelling in the letter is even purposely avoided, that not one object of a ludicrous kind might divert the attention from this cruel scene. The solemnity of the place, the time of night, *the bell then beating one*, the startled horror of the man with the lantern at seeing this *ill-starr'd wench*, the grief of the gardener, and the sublime passions expressed in the face of his next neighbour (a countenance not naturally expressive of sublimity), all forcibly touch the passions ; and one cannot but exclaim,

— what pangs his breast must feel
When death his knell shall toll !

The writer of the pamphlet mentioned in *Beer-street*, observes, “ What eye can view this scene
“ without shedding a tear !—What soul so insensible
“ as not to shudder at the dismal catastrophe of the
“ fond deluded girl !—Who, that has any humanity,
“ can behold this melancholy spectacle without feel-
“ ing in his bosom a just resentment rising against
“ the monster who has been the author of so horrible
“ a tragedy !”

F O U R T H S T A G E.

The words of *Hamlet* may very well apply to the president's *dignity of insensibility*.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business ?

L

Hor.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so : the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged merit of this last plate, we cannot but wish Mr. *Hogarth* had given us one preceding it, and representing *Tom Nero* undergoing that punishment he so richly merits. In viewing this plate, we know that he has only suffered at Tyburn, and we may reasonably suppose, that the fear and pain of that exit, to him, were perhaps but little ; but on casting our eye back on the three preceding plates, we cannot but regret Mr. *Hogarth's* not having represented him as expiring under the agonies of the *wheel*, and we should very willingly have overlooked all unity of place : and after his having thus received the punishment of that infernal engine, we should then have had the satisfaction of knowing that the inflicter of the shrieking agonies of the poor dog had met with a due and equal return *.

* The divine *Shakspeare* says,

———— Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

The

The ELECTION.

P L A T E I.

This * very admirable plate being fully explained by *Trusler*, and in the poem which Mr. *Nichols* has inserted in his work, render any additions unnecessary; and the extreme drollery of many of the figures cannot but be instantly noticed. The smiling and contented calmness of the barber-surgeon, the expression of the old gentleman who is afflicted with the gravel as he is attempting to make water, the effigy carried in procession, the inimitable figure of a country fellow with a bald-pate, with that of his companion (before whom is a bottle of *burgundy*), the whole group behind them (with the *left-handed* fidler), as well as the smart waggish familiarity and delighted transport of merriment of the cobbler (with his glass of *champagne*), and the muddled, and almost vomiting, barber, all confess the hand of *Hogarth*.

As this country owed the preservation of its constitution to King *William*, *Hogarth* has given us his portrait; intimating, perhaps, by the gasches in it, that the bribery, the corruption, and the other modes of carrying on this election, are effectual means to destroy and mutilate the constitution. King *William*, who vainly imagined that his subjects loved liberty

* See a very droll letter on an Election in vol. I. of "John Buncle, Junior."

better than party, has now before his eyes a very complete refutation of his ill-grounded notion. The landscape in this room may denote the borough-town for which this election is held, as in the next print the church is almost exactly the same, though it differs in the third print; and the stag's head and horns may only be the usual trophy of country-halls. It is very *doubtful* whether the *vote* of the broken-headed attorney is a sure vote. The lobster seems galloping to reach the mutton-chop; and from the empty scabbard, hat and gloves on the seat, we may suppose the owner

————— “ who cannot eat,
“ Now fallied forth the foe to beat.”

P L A T E II.

We have here three very admirable representations of eating: the lion with his lily, the hasty voraciousness of one person, and the contrasted demureness and sober solidity of the other.

Mr. *Hogarth* has given us, in the course of his works, nine figures of *self-importance*: the beadle, and constable, in the eighth and tenth plates of the *Prentices*; the nobleman, and that admirable mummy, in the first and third plates of *Marriage-à-l-mode*; the *simpering importance* of the dancing-master, in the second plate of *The Rake's Progress*; the little French-boy, in *Naon*; the fat cook, in the last plate of the *Election*; the combatant, in *Southwark-Fair*; and

and the clerk, in the *Sleepy Congregation*; the clergyman in the reading desk, in the second plate of the *'Prentices*, is too small to be much attended to; and the self-important monarch, in the last plate of *The Rake's Progress*, is too unfortunate an object to dwell on. The features of Abel Squatt, and those of the inimitable cobbler in this plate, are more expressive of the surly gruffness of downright Englishmen, full of a roast beef and porter dignity *. As we may presume this admired cobbler is not over-complaisant in his general behaviour, nor *bien liant dans ses manieres*, he appears then to us a little distrustful of the barber's honesty, in taking that caution with his dumpy paw, which will prevent him losing any of those guineas which he has just received for his vote; he admires the doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*. His stumpy chair, his thick and haughty solidity, his dangling tobacco-stopper, his peruke, his patch, his nose, pimple, and above all his right eye, form a figure which Sir Joshua

* Mr. Bunbury's print of *Jollux*, and his physician in a visit to the camp, will serve for whole chapters on the subject of self-importance.

This cobbler would probably have acted much in the same manner as one actually now does (or very lately did) to a certain facetious gentleman of splendid fortune in the west of England, who owns every spot of ground in an extensive parish, or township, except the small and contemptible cottage and garden of a shoe-maker, or cobbler, who obstinately refuses all offers of purchase, though ten times the value has been offered him, that he may indulge his self-important whim, in telling every passenger, whom he drinks a chance mug with at the alehouse, that the whole parish belongs "to me and Mr. R——."

could

could no more have drawn, than *Hogarth* could have painted *Resignation*. How different is the happy life this cobbler leads, to that of an emaciated and depressed French peasant ! and what a look would have been exchanged from the French sentinel and this cobbler, had the latter been passing through the *Gates of Calais* ! Had he been sitting at the table in the second print of the *Invasion*, his look at the French king would not have been amiss ; but he would have been a most strange pupil for the simpering figure in the second print of the *Rake's Progress*.

The fellow who is sawing down the sign little thinks he is sawing down the very part on which he rests : an admirable satire on the unthinking rashness of an English mob *. From the many popular signs which

* The *Gray's-Inn Journal*, in the 95th N^o of Vol. II. in a happy parody, very admirably delineates the character of an English mob : I will transcribe a small part of it. " They " have many wise maxims by which they govern themselves ; " such as, ' no wooden shoes,' — ' liberty and property and no " excise,' — ' no French dancers,' — ' no mounseers,' — ' let " every man toast his own cheese, &c. Such prudential axioms, " founded on the soberest sense, must undoubtedly contribute " to render their administration both wise and prosperous. It " does not appear that they have made any great progress in " the modern art of war ; on the contrary, there is reason to " suppose that they hold it in contempt ; as it is certain that, " on many occasions, when our mixed form of government " has endeavoured to oppose them, by sending the soldiery " against them, they have always laughed at the military " force, and repelled them from the assault without their dar- " ing to fire. Their military discipline seems to be derived " from the *Romans* ; they know no use of cannon, fire-arms, " &c.

which are dispersed through *Hogarth's* works, it may not be unamusing to some of my readers to peruse two very entertaining dissertations on them in the third volume of the *Mirror*, and in the *Annual Register* for 1770, as well as the admirable paper in the first volume of the *Spectator*. I extract these few lines from the paper in the *Mirror*, as applicable to this print. “In the year 1739, Admiral *Vernon* took “*Porto-bello with six ships only*. The public gratitude “to him was boundless:—He was sung in ballads.— “At the ensuing general election in 1741, he was re- “turned for three different corporations;—but, above “all, his portrait filled every sign-post: and he may “be figuratively said to have sold the ale, beer, “porter, and purl of *England* for six years.”

P L A T E III.

The blind gentleman's conductor is amusing himself with viewing the prancing horses, instead of minding his master, who, from the position of his cane, is evidently on the point of tumbling down.

“&c. but proceed to battle with sticks, bludgeons, setting up “loud shouts, somewhat like the war-hoop of the *Indians*, and “hurling stones, brickbats, bottles, glasses, &c. with tremendous force on the adverse party. They are total strangers to “all refinements of modern luxury; bread and cheese, and “porter, being their chief sustenance; gin being only used by “them when they are low-spirited, or are going to be hanged. “They do not paint their bodies with woad, like the antient “*Britons*; but generally with kennel-dirt, which lends them a “formidable air in battle.”

The

The careless attitude of the clerk, and his burst of laughter, is a strong satire on the indecency with which oaths are too frequently administered. The ideot has a bib under his chin, and is fastened in his chair by a piece of wood which goes across. The tobacco fumes, from the fellow's mouth, will prevent the dying man's making his exit *as in a gentle sleep*, for he expresses much pain *.

P L A T E

* The humiliating situation of *Britannia* in her chariot may render the insertion of the following, from a periodical publication, not improper :

“ Allegorical Description of the Present State of Great Britain for Election Mirth. In a Letter from a Patriot in Town, to his Friend in the Country.

“ — Mrs. Britain continues in a very low, lingering, languishing condition. Her pulse, indeed, sometimes beats high ; but the strongest efforts which she makes to keep up her importance seem to arise from a sudden flow of animal spirits, and, like the spasms of a convulsion, are to be considered as injurious to the machine which is agitated by them. The disorder in her *bowels*, with which she has been for some years afflicted, gains ground ; but she is most alarmed at the *inflamed* state of her *extreme parts* ; and indeed they have so unpromising an aspect, that it is doubtful whether all the cooling medicines prescribed by her ablest physicians will be able to prevent *amputations*. The good old lady exhibits the most striking symptoms of an inward decay, and is, evidently, hastening to her dissolution, though the precise moment cannot be ascertained. Towards the end of the last century, her *constitution* had been so much debilitated by severe shocks of various kinds (and particularly injured by that dreadful distemper the *king's-evil*), that, if there had not been a miraculous *revolution* in her favour, she could not have survived them. Favourable, however, as that *revolution* was, many disorders, which could not have

“ been

P L A T E IV.

Amidst the fund of humour in this plate, it may appear as if one viewed the productions of *Hogarth* with a distempered eye, to point out such trivial over-sights as the fidler playing with his *left* hand, the clerk writing with his left hand, or the gentleman who, in the last plate, is sketching off one of the candidates in the same manner: yet it may not be improper to point out such minutiae, as *Hogarth* may have couched some meaning in every stroke of his pencil, which may escape many observers. He, no doubt, has some allusion in the ruinous house next to the attorney's; as well as in the fellow who is thrusting his hand into the beer-barrel: as he surely cannot be licking the dregs of an empty cask, as *Trusler* supposes; and he may have a further meaning in giving us only the *shadow* of the other member, who is not yet come into sight, as he may prove to his constituents the mere shadow of a representative. The window affords a fine group; and the broiling importance of the cook, the whim of the

“been foreseen by her friends, have originated from it; and
 “by those disorders she is now so much weakened, that the
 “chances for a *recovery* are very much against her. With a
 “broken *constitution* and a bad habit of body, she must never
 “expect to do what she *has* done. My sentiments concerning
 “her recovery are every hour more and more confirmed, when
 “I think of the frequent application which has been made
 “of the *lancet*: for though phlebotomy may be highly service-
 “able in certain circumstances, the stoutest patient in *Christ-*
 “endom may, like a devoured pig, be blooded to death.”

footerkin, the fine attitude of the undaunted sailor, and the transports of the delighted fidler, cannot but instantly present themselves.

Mr. *Sherlock*, in one of his admired letters (to a friend at *Paris*), has these words: "It is worth your while to come to *England*, were it only to see an election and a cock-match. There is a celestial spirit of anarchy and enthusiasm in these two scenes, that words cannot paint, and of which no country-man of yours can ever form an idea."

The COCK - PIT.

Mr. *Hogarth*, who so faithfully recorded *each new-blown folly of the day*, has left us to regret his not giving us the representation of another diversion which this country is noted for—that of a horse-race. The gentleman who has favoured us with the *City-hunt*, gives us hopes that many admirable scenes of the present day will yet be consigned to future times by that pencil which seems equally calculated to *strain mens' cheeks to idle merriment*, as to draw forth what *Marc Anthony* terms *gracious drops*.

This print, were it not for the barbarity attending this savage diversion, would doubtless make us enter much more pleasantly into it; and the very admirable expression in the woman's face fails somewhat of its comicality, from the disgust occasioned at her unfeminine and brutal joy. These *unfeeling savages of the cock-pit*, form an heterogeneous group of peers
and

and pick-pockets, jockies and butchers, chimney-sweepers and gentlemen, thieves, postboys, shoe-blacks, and blackguards of every denomination; the very tag rag and bob-tail of the creation. The scene of action may lie at *Newmarket*, from *Jackson*, the noted hunch-back jockey, being in this print; and who was so well known at that place; as well as from another usual attendant on a race-ground, the man who bears the insignia of his trade down his shoulder, and who is starting at the French gentleman's carelessness.

The fellow on the right hand side of the group below has the mark of the gallows on his back; done perhaps in some night-cellar by one of his companions *en badinant*; his next neighbour, by the irresistible force of his *argumentum baculinum*, seems to have applied it so well *ad hominem*, as to have overthrown him, which is expressed by his hand being stretched out. He who seems so comfortably drunk, and is viewing perhaps an exhausted purse, is very likely to have it brought to the ground, by the position of a neighbour's stick, whose attitude expresses an eager attention to the battle—the neighbour on his left hand, by an inattentive management of his whip (in his eagerness of betting with the hump-back jockey), has knocked *his* neighbour's cap on one side, who himself, with his elbow, has almost pushed off the hat of the soldier.

On each side of the pit is seen a foot of each feeder, and "in the middle of the pit (says *Trusler*) " is the shadow of a man, drawn up in a basket to " the cieling (there being no room to introduce the " figure), a punishment inflicted on such persons as " bet more money than they have to pay; he is re- " presented as offering his watch to redeem his li- " berty *."

Lord *Albemarle Bertie* is the blind president of this meeting: his lordship (as Mr. *Nichols* informs us) was a constant attender of this diversion, and is discoverable in the crowd round the bruisers in the *March to Finchley*; the intolerable noise from no less than six persons bawling to him at the same time, considerably heightens the scene. On his lordship's left hand, we see a fellow with a gash on his forehead, and whose countenance is villainy itself, taking advantage of the president's blind eye by stealing a note for £20, while the postboy behind is very kindly (by a shake of the button) hinting it to him; very sorry, perhaps, that he has not an opportunity of stealing it himself. Next to the thief, is a very fine

* This is confirmed by the two following notes on a poem, called "The Gamblers," Canto II. p. 34. 38.

"By the cockpit-laws, the man who cannot, or who will not, pay his debts of *honour*, is liable to exaltation in a "basket."

"*Stephen's* exaltation in the basket, and his there continuing to bet, though unable to pay, is taken from a scene in one "of *Hegarib's* prints; humourously setting forth, that there "are men whom a passion for gaming does not forsake, even "in the very hour that they stand proclaimed insolvents."

attitude

attitude of keen attention; and from the next figure behind, who seems closely engaged; not only with the cocks, but with something else, we may presume his grace of *B——*, who is so near him, will bring home to his astonished family some memorial of the company he has been keeping. Near to the blind man (who cannot resist the temptation of at least hearing his favourite diversion) is an affected chimney-sweep, whose singularity in this respect is very probably recollected by many who may have formerly seen him, as several of the other figures in this print were, soon after its coming out, well known, particularly *Jackson*, the hunch-back jockey of *New-market*, the demure person with a cock in his bag, he who has the gold-laced hat, and he who is stealing the note: others might be equally well known; but I am credibly informed of those I have mentioned, by a gentleman who has frequently noticed each of them; the face of the last, he says, he never shall forget. The incomparable figure of the noble peer, who is swallowing, not a *tailor's*, but a carpenter's *news*, is borne down by this blackguard heavy brute, whose paw unmercifully mauls the titled ribband*.

The expression in the figures immediately under the peer are worthy of the pencil which produced them; and the calm unconcern of the carpenter cannot but raise a smile, when contrasted with the look of him who is losing his wig; nor can the im-

* "What a falling off is here!" *Hamlet*.

passioned

passioned attitude of the fellow next them escape attention. The fat butcher on the president's right hand appears as a contrast to the dishonest fellow on his left ; for with an honest countenance he is directing his lordship to see the exact sum he has taken. The steel denotes another butcher, who is behind two admirable figures. The French gentleman above, a *chevalier de St. Louis*, is either on the point of sneezing, or is exclaiming—*brutes Anglois !* He causes the poor fellow below to sneeze pretty handsomely, as he unfortunately drops the snuff in his eyes and mouth : his face and attitude require no comment ; and perhaps no painter of the passions could have expressed *deafness* more admirably, as the very sight of the old codger proclaims him deaf, though no trumpet were applied to his ear. If a bishop was preaching before the House of Lords, and these two figures, with the woman below, were unfortunately to pop into his thoughts, he could scarce refrain from laughing. The odd phiz behind the French gentleman enriches this scene as much as the placid satisfaction of the man who is taking down the bets, or the demure figure near him ; and the next person (says *Trusler*) is with eagerness bawling out “ *Ginger* “ against *Pye*,” for that piece ; who says “ Done ? ” The portrait of *Nan Rawlins* hangs against the wall, who, as Mr. *Nichols* informs us, was well remembered at *Newmarket*, was a famous cock-feeder, and did the honours of the *gentlemen's* ordinary at *Northampton* :

Northampton: but the indelicacy of this portrait deserves not an explanation. The old contented-looking squiz, who is lighting his pipe with charcoal, and the dog, who (hearing the crow of cocks) takes a peep, give a happy finish to this admirable piece*.

S O U T H W A R K - F A I R.

As Mr. *Viſtor*, in his “History of the Theatres,” informs us, that old *Mills*, *Johnson* †, *Miller*, *Griffin*, *Harper*, &c. and Mrs. *Heron*, who was at that time at the head of the female list, and in the possession of the late Mrs. *Oldfield*’s parts, that she and all the women went with *Theophilus Cibber* and the other revolvers to the *Haymarket*, but that Mrs. *Horton* and Mrs. *Clive* remained with Mr. *Highmore*; this may

* We are told by Mr. *Tyers*, in his “Historical Rhapsody on Mr. *Pope*,” p. 138, “that *Pope*, whilst living with his father at *Chiswick*, before he went to *Binfield*, took great delight in cock-fighting and laid out all his school-boy money, and little perhaps it was, in buying fighting cocks! From this passion, but surely not the play of a child, his mother had the dexterity to wean him. A judgement is not to be formed of our infant poet’s disposition, from his attachment to this cruel, though not uncommon pastime.” — Had *Hogarth* been acquainted with this circumstance, he probably might have introduced Mr. *Pope* in this print, as he seems to have been fond of introducing him whenever an opportunity offered.

† Pity but what the talents and virtues of Mr. *Garrick* were recorded by the same masterly pen which has so handsomely adorned the memory of *Johnson*, in the *Anecdotes of Painting*, under the article *Van Bleek*.

lead to the discovery of other persons represented than *Cibber* in *Pistol*, and *Harper* in *Falstaff*: as a figure near *Falstaff* may be *Griffin* in *Sir Hugh Evans*, or the same person in *Tribulation*, or it may be *Johnson* in *Ananias*. As I have not seen the two last characters represented, I may be much deceived in this guess. The next figure may be *Miller*, who was very famous in the part of *Teague*; and as old *Mills* was much approved of in *Bajazet*, perhaps that martial figure, with the flowing peruke, may represent him; or he is more likely one of those on the falling scaffold. The woman next to *Pistol* appears more like *Doll Tearsheet* than *Lady Betty Modish*, *Lady Townly*, or any of the parts which *Mrs. Oldfield* played. The words on *Cibber's* flag may proceed from the friends to the revolvers urging, that the actors were a free people, and not to be sold with the patent as slaves with a plantation in the *West Indies*, and that therefore they are determined to contend for their *liberty and property*: the hopes of the much-injured *Mr. Highmore*, however, was to *starve* them into a compliance, from the hazardous uncertainty of their new scheme; but the crowded houses that the revolvers had for a considerable number of nights, justly entitles them to cry out *We eat*. *Viſtor* tells us, that in this dispute “the general observation was, what business had a *gentleman* to make the purchase?” inferring, no doubt, that a mere *gentleman* might be deficient in those qualifications requisite for so arduous

a task : this may account for the label which the little monkey holds, who (as Mr. *Nichols* informs us) is meant to represent Mr. *Highbmore*. The *laureated* Cibber (with his bag of money) has indeed reason to think himself *quiet and snug*, having so advantageously sold his share of the patent, and has now nothing more to do than *wishing the crew he has left in the vessel a good voyage*. I must resign the pointing out of the other figures to one more conversant with the old actors, and am only increasing my rash conjectures, in supposing the brush and paint-pot may allude to Mr. *Ellis* the painter, who was Mrs. *Wilk's* deputy for her share of the patent, and that he is remonstrating with the revoltors on the impropriety of their conduct, and stating the very large sum which Mr. *Highbmore* paid for his share ; but the sum which *Victor* states is different from this. The weeping female may be Mrs. *Heron* in *Andromache*, or in *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, as the other may be Mrs. *Clive*. However blustering *Sir John Falstaff* may appear in this print, we are told, by the writer of Mr. *Garrick's* life, that *Harper* was taken up by a warrant at the instance of Mr. *Highbmore*, and sent to *Bridewell* : that his crime was joining the revoltors, and that the reason of his fixing on *Harper* was in consequence of his natural timidity—he was a man, however, of a very fair character, and was soon after triumphantly delivered from his confinement by the King's Bench. *Victor* speaks of Mr. *Highbmore* as a man of humanity and strict honour, and that many

instances fatally proved, that his word, when solemnly given, was sufficient for the performance, though ever so injurious to himself. The above writer speaks thus of *Bobeme*: “ Such of my readers as have been
 “ long enough in life to remember an actor in *Lin-*
 “ *coln’s Inn Fields* theatre by the name of *Bobeme*,
 “ will thank me for reviving so remarkable a per-
 “ former in their memories ; for the natural musical
 “ piercing tones of his voice, particularly adapted to
 “ grief and distress, must have touched the heart of
 “ every feeling auditor too forcibly ever to be forgot
 “ —all those who were judges of nature were sur-
 “ prized and charmed with the musical pathetic tones
 “ of grief, that went pointed to the heart from this
 “ captivating speaker——his first appearance was at
 “ a booth in *Southwark Fair*, which, in those days,
 “ lasted two weeks, and was much frequented by
 “ persons of all distinctions of both sexes ; he acted
 “ the part of *Menelaus* in the best droll I ever saw,
 “ called *The Siege of Troy*.”

Mr. *Nichols* has been informed, that several undoubted portraits were discoverable in this print, but unluckily he has not pointed them out. *Kidman*, or *Cadman*, who is flying from the steeple, lies buried in the church-yard of *St. Mary’s Fryars* in *Shrewsbury* : in attempting to fly from which steeple he lost his life. A small monument is placed in the church-wall over his grave, with this inscription :

Let this small monument record the name
 Of *Cadman*, and to future times proclaim,

How

How by 'n attempt to fly from this high spire,
 Across the sabine stream, he did acquire
 His fatal end: 'twas not for want of skill,
 Or courage, to perform the task, he fell:
 No, no—a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
 Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
 Which bid the body here beneath good night.

On the falling scaffold is a salt-box and rolling-pin, a very common unmusical instrument at fairs. *Violante* (whom *Mr. Granger* in his last class slightly mentions) is seen vaulted on the rope; and the more wary son is cautioning his father from being cheated by the fly dice-woman. A spurious copy from this print by *Dicey*, being on a very large scale, is much superior to that printed by *Mrs. Hogarth*, except in the admirable expression of the bailiff, and in about four other figures. In *Dicey's* copy, under *Maxilian* (a very tall man from *Saxony*), is a droll group near a toy shop, particularly the fiddler; and we more distinctly see *Punch* and his wife, and two droll fighting figures near them *.

* In p. 3, of the second volume of "The Repository," is a very curious, but cruel, invention of a dancing-bear-merchant, to teach a whole litter of pigs to dance. He heated an oven, into which he put a pig, and immediately with his fiddle played a tune: the pig, exceedingly attentive that its feet and the oven might not come to too close an union, shifted and danced about. This operation he repeated every day for a considerable time, longer or shorter, according to the capacity of the pig, and its readiness in learning. After the proper repetitions of these lessons, he trusted the pig to itself, which, without the help of the oven, began to caper as soon as he began to fiddle.

A P P E N D I X.

TRUSTING it would not be unacceptable to gain every information respecting the favourite *Hogarth*, I have subjoined a few testimonies to his merit from respectable authorities, and some few other papers, which will not improperly accompany his works.

N^o 1.

“ *Hogarth*, like a true genius, has formed a new school of painting for himself. He may be truly styled the *Cervantes* of his art, as he has exhibited the ridiculous follies of human nature with the most exquisite humour; and he may be said to be the first who first wrote comedy with his pencil. His *Harlot's Progress* and *Marriage-à-la-Mode* are, in my opinion, as well drawn as any thing in *Moliere*; and the unity of character, which is the perfection of dramatic poetry, is so skilfully preserved, that we are surprized to see the same personage thinking agreeably to his complexional habits in the many different situations in which we afterwards perceive him. The fribble, the bully, the politician, the lawyer, the miser, and, in short, all the striking characters in life, are, by this gentleman, so admirably depicted upon canvas, that

that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a loss to shew where he has been equalled by any of his countrymen."

Gray's-Inn Journal, Vol. II. N^o 67.

N^o 2.

"A great original genius, whose works are perhaps fuller of thought and invention than those of any other satirist the world ever produced. His fame will live for ever; but his historic paintings are below mediocrity." Letters concerning the Present State of England, 1772.

What the last work applies to Mr. *Foot* may very properly be applied to Mr. *Hogarth*.

"The truest portrait-painter which our country has produced; his pieces are all just transcripts from the manners of the age, caught with infinite quickness, and expressed in the happiest warmth of nature and truth. That he is an admirable master of ridicule can never be denied; and the vein of wit which runs through his pieces is rich and luxuriant."

N^o 3.

From the Critical Review for June, 1783.

"The chief aim of our artist was to catch nature in the most uncommon circumstances; but her uniformity scarcely afforded sufficient gratification to his ludicrous imagination. The ridiculous pursuits of mankind, their fears, their wishes, their passions, and propensities,

propensities, furnished what untutored nature could not supply. As to the jaundic'd eye, every thing, to his mind, changed its hue; what was great, he turned to farce; what was diverting, he rendered doubly ludicrous. His mind possessed in so strong a degree this chemic power, that his best pieces are overloaded with laughable circumstances, and, from their own riches, destroy the effects. It is not one object, it is not one situation, which you contemplate; it is a groupe of images, connected indeed by one action, but each possessed of its own particular powers of exciting ridicule. It is not one picture, it is a mass of ridiculous and amusing groupes. This indeed may be a defect in general painting; but in *Hogarth* it adds to the pleasure, and we may be allowed to suggest, that it adds to their moral effect. It will not disgrace the most elegant lecture on the beauties of virtue, and the depravity of vice, that it has not been more beneficial than some of our artist's representations. The failings of the painter were indeed those of genius without a guide, of abilities impatient of controul. They were the result of his circumstances and situation. But we shall not pursue the subject; may they be "*written in water*," and every passing breeze of his fame contribute to efface them!"

Nº 4.

The following paper, from some old magazine, is a very proper addition to the 140th page of Mr. Nichols's work.

Ludicrous Anecdotes of the celebrated Heydegger.

S I R,

In these atrabilarious times, I would sacrifice a few minutes to laughter; and the two following anecdotes, taken from a letter of Baron Biefield's, dated London, I hope your readers will think pretty laughable.

“ This Heydegger is a very extraordinary person; ”
 “ though born amidst the mountains of Switzerland, ”
 “ in the greatest simplicity of manners, he had naturally the strongest propensity, taste, and inclination for refined and splendid diversions. He came ”
 “ to England with these endowments, which would have ruined any other; but he has made a brilliant fortune of them. The English nation may be said ”
 “ to have constituted him director of its public diversions; a post which has often brought him in ”
 “ clear five thousand pounds a year. He has been ”
 “ undertaker of the opera, the ridottos, and the principal entertainments at London. He is very ”
 “ well received at court, and honoured with the familiarity of the chief nobility. Being once at ”
 “ supper in very high company, the conversation fell ”
 “ on the excellencies of the several European nations, ”
 “ and

“ and particularly which might be said, in general, to
 “ have the most wit. The opinions were divided between
 “ the *Italians, French, and English*. After some short
 “ sprightly altercations, Mr. *Heydegger* being asked
 “ which he thought, answered, without any pause, “ It
 “ is *Switzerland*.” This occasioned several bursts of
 “ laughter: the old blade, however, went on in this
 “ manner; “ And I prove my decision thus: I am a
 “ native of *Switzerland*; I came into *England* with
 “ scarce a shilling, and only by mere industry I find
 “ means to get five thousand pounds a year; nay,
 “ and to spend the whole. Now, I defy the most
 “ ingenious *Englishman* to go and do the like in
 “ *Switzerland*: then it must be granted that, in point
 “ of wit, a *Swiss* outdoes an *Englishman*.” But how-
 “ ever liberal nature may have been to Mr. *Heydegger*,
 “ in genius and invention, she brought them into ac-
 “ count at the formation of his countenance, the ugliness
 “ of which is almost frightful. He very prudently
 “ is the first to joke on it; and once he laid a
 “ considerable wager with the earl of C——, that
 “ there was not, in all *London*, a face so hideous as
 “ his. Judges were appointed, and, after a great
 “ deal of trouble and enquiries in all the bye-streets,
 “ lanes, and alleys, the Earl’s emissaries found an old
 “ woman of so horrible an aspect, that he concluded
 “ the wager was his; and, indeed, on her being
 “ brought before the bench, the judges, one and all,
 “ immediately decreed against Mr. *Heydegger*; but
 “ he

“ he appealed, objecting to the difference of their
 “ head-dresses, and put on the old dame’s pinnars,
 “ and fitted his wig on her head : this gave a turn to
 “ the affair, and his ugliness appeared to the court in
 “ such a decisive superiority, that my lord was ad-
 “ judged to pay the wager.”

The former was, to be sure, a good jest of *Heydegger’s*, and no more than a jest ; but, in the latter, should not the two objects have been viewed *in puris naturalibus*, without the coiffures ? I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

Q. R.

N° 5.

The Critical Review for *June*, 1756, p. 479, speaks thus of some pictures of our artist :

“ Mr. *Hogarth* has just finished three large pictures for the altar-piece of *Redcliff* church at *Bristol*. The middle piece, which is by much the largest, represents the ascension of our Saviour, who is seen high in the air. The emanation of rays from the ascending Deity beaming through the interstices of the surrounding clouds is managed with tenderness and delicacy. The point of time which the painter has chosen is immediately after He has disappeared from the spectators below. In the fore-ground, on the right-side at the bottom, *St. Thomas* is represented on one knee, and, with his hands lifted up and clasped, together, is still eagerly looking upwards with an ex-

O

pression

pression of wonder and adoration. On the other side is *St. Peter* in a reclining posture. Towards the middle is *St. John*, who, with a group of figures, supposed to be the other disciples, more remote from the eye, is listening attentively to the *two men in white*, who appeared upon that great occasion. The back-ground is shut up with rocks, and the bottom of the cloudy mass, except on one side, where, under the skirts of the low-hung clouds, part of a magnificent city (supposed to be *Jerusalem*) appears to great advantage at a distance, illuminated by a flash of lightning under a darkened sky, which casts a livid gloom over it.

The side piece on the right-hand of this large picture represents the rolling of the stone, and the sealing of the sepulchre in the presence of the high priest. The labour and exertion which is naturally expressed in this scene is very happily contrasted by the tenderness and elegant softness which prevails in the other side-piece, where the three *Maries* are come to visit the empty sepulchre. The angel, who is speaking to them, and pointing up to heaven with an expression which explains itself, is a figure of singular beauty, and, with an aspect of great sweetness and benevolence, still retains in his look the native dignity of a superior being.

This opulent city does honour to its own taste in this instance of its love of the fine arts; and if this noble ornament should make its way into our churches, it will be the likeliest means to raise a *British*

rish school of painters. In the mean time we think it would be a just subject of public regret, if Mr. *Hogarth* should abandon a branch of painting in which he stands alone unrivalled and inimitable, to pursue another in which so many have already excelled."

N^o 6.

The Description of *London* and its Environs, by *Dodsley*, in the account of *St. Bartholomew's Hospital*, speaks thus: "Here is a staircase painted and given by Mr. *Hogarth*, containing two pictures with figures large as the life, which for truth of colouring and expression may vie with any thing of its kind in Europe. The subject of the one is the Good Samaritan; the other, the Pool of Bethesda.

N^o 7.

For *The Harlot's Progress*.

Journal of a Wiltshire Curate.

Monday. Received ten pounds from my rector, Dr. Snarl, being one half-year's salary. Obligated to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor; and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles.—

Item. The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

Tuesday. Paid nine pounds to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches, offered to me as a great bargain, by Cab-

bage the Taylor, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsey nor Polly having a shoe to go to church in.

Wednesday. My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole, which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown.

Item. Chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to rely on the goodness of God.

Thursday. Received a note from the alehouse at the top of the hill, informing me, that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence half-penny. In a struggle what to do—the baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, in order to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word that he heard it whispered, how the rector intended to take a curate who would do parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town: mortifying reflections these! But a want of humanity is, in my opinion, a want of justice; the Father of the universe lends his blessing to us, with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress, and we conse-

consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence.—Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday. A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that by avoiding to eat I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. *Mem.* Never to contradict her as long as I live; for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable in its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of œconomy performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday. Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish-churches, and came home excessively hungry—no more money than twopence half-penny in the house—but see the goodness of God! The strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and, from a generous excentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and, declaring himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the
next

next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

N^o 8.

For the last scene of *The Harlot's Progress*.

The following is taken from p. 57, Vol. II. of an *Asylum for Fugitives*.

The Life of a *Woman* of the *Town*.

Ah ! what avails, how once appear'd the fair,
 When from gay equipage she falls obscure ;
 In vain she moves her livid lips in prayer,
 What man so mean to recollect the poor ?
 From place to place, by unfee'd bailiffs drove,
 As fainting fawns from thirsty blood-hounds fly ;
 See the sad remnants of unhallow'd love,
 In prisons perish, or on dunghills dye.
 Pimps and dependants once her beauties prais'd ;
 And on those beauties, vermin-like, they fed ;
 From wretchedness, the crew her bounty rais'd,
 When by her spoils enrich'd deny her bread.
 Through street to street she wends, as want betides,
 Like *Shore's* sad wife, in winter's dismal hours ;
 The bleak winds piercing her unnourish'd fides,
 Her houseless head dripping with drizzly showers.
 Sickly she strols amidst the miry lane,
 While streaming spouts dash on her uncloath'd neck ;
 By famine pin'd ; pinch'd by disease-bred pain,
 Contrition's portrait, and rash beauty's wreck,
 She

She dies ; sad outcast ; heart-broke by remorse ;
 Pale stretch'd against th' inhospitable doors ;
 While gathering gossips taunt the fleshless corse,
 And thank their Gods, *that they were never whores.*

N^o 9.

For the *Strollers*, from Mr. Keate's Sketches from Nature, Vol. II. p. 166.

“ Some ladies of Amelia's acquaintance, having, through humanity, patronized one of the poor players, bespoke Hamlet,—and exerted their interest to fill the house—it being for the *benefit* of the Ghost and his wife.

Clermont and I were solicited to be of the party ;—but the theatre being much crowded, I found myself unable to sustain the heat of it.—My friend and I, therefore, before the curtain drew up, retired behind the scenes ; and indeed, when we got there, perceived but little probability that it would draw up the whole evening,—for surely never was beheld such a scene of confusion, as then appeared, in what served both for their general dressing-room and green-room.

The centinels, who were to mount guard before the palace of the *Royal Dane*, for want of having any uniform in the wardrobe, had borrowed a couple of sailors' jackets.—Horatio was striding about in a monstrous rage,—declaring he would not act, because his own benefit had been unjustly put back.—The manager, who was corpulent enough to have performed

performed Falstaff, even almost without stuffing,—apparelled as young Hamlet, was in no less a passion too,—damning the Ghost's *blood* for being in liquor,—who, as well as his wife, had, on the credit of the many tickets which were taken, given way, through excess of joy, at dinner, to an indulgence they should more prudently have postponed till night—The Ghost had little to say in his defence;—but his lady, now the *Queen Mother*,—sat royally robed on a joint-stool,—and whilst she was dabbing the last colouring on her cheeks, hickupped, with much brevity, their mutual apology.—Nor did the distress end here—a smith was sent for to break open Ophelia's *coffin*,—which serving as a travelling trunk to this itinerant company, the Ghost's *helmet*, *Polonius's wig*, together with some of the Danish *regalia*, were lodged within it;—and the manager, having also deposited with them a half anker of *run spirits*, had so carefully put away the key, that in the hurry it could not be found,—so that the music kept playing *roast beef*, and every popular tune they could think on, to amuse the impatient audience, who knew nothing of the woeful disorder that reigned behind.—The performance was such as might naturally be supposed from the situation and temper of the *Dramatis Personæ*.—The Ghost composed himself far better than I expected,—except, that in the closet scene, he exerted more violence than became his character,—and rushing in too eagerly, dropped his coat of mail, which was accidentally

cidentally untied.—However, as his shirt happened to be clean, he might pass in it full as well for an inhabitant of the other world, as he did in his old leathern armour.

Ophelia's dirty silk gown had been destined for a woman far more slender than herself,—on which account, the robings pinned almost at her hips, and left her in great difficulties to form a convenient stomacher.—Neither she nor the queen could raise a pair of gloves; and the latter having scalded her arm, by taking off a pot from the fire, was compelled to appear with it bound round with old linen, which, in truth, but *ill became the majesty of Denmark*.—The play was received with great indulgence, and excited much more mirth than it did either terror or pity.

N^o 10.

For the Strollers, from the Westminster Magazine for September, 1776.

P R O L O G U E.

As some poor Candidate for vacant place,
With study'd words and looks, solicits grace,
So I, for this * small humble borough here,
With trembling accents, and with decent fear,
Fain would their representative appear.
Hard is the fortune of a strolling player,
Necessity's rough burden doom'd to bear,

* Pointing behind the scenes.

P

And

performed Falstaff, even almost without stuffing,—apparelled as young Hamlet, was in no less a passion too,—damning the Ghost's *blood* for being in liquor,—who, as well as his wife, had, on the credit of the many tickets which were taken, given way, through excess of joy, at dinner, to an indulgence they should more prudently have postponed till night.—The Ghost had little to say in his defence;—but his lady, now the *Queen Mother*,—sat royally robed on a joint-stool,—and whilst she was dabbing the last colouring on her cheeks, hickupped, with much brevity, their mutual apology.—Nor did the distress end here—a smith was sent for to break open Ophelia's *coffin*,—which serving as a travelling trunk to this itinerant company, the Ghost's *helmet*, *Polonius's wig*, together with some of the Danish *regalia*, were lodged within it;—and the manager, having also deposited with them a half anker of *run spirits*, had so carefully put away the key, that in the hurry it could not be found,—so that the music kept playing *roast beef*, and every popular tune they could think on, to amuse the impatient audience, who knew nothing of the woeful disorder that reigned behind.—The performance was such as might naturally be supposed from the situation and temper of the *Dramatis Personæ*.—The Ghost composed himself far better than I expected,—except, that in the closet scene, he exerted more violence than became his character,—and rushing in too eagerly, dropped his coat of mail, which was accidentally

cidentally untied.—However, as his shirt happened to be clean, he might pass in it full as well for an inhabitant of the other world, as he did in his old leathern armour.

Ophelia's dirty silk gown had been destined for a woman far more slender than herself,—on which account, the robings pinned almost at her hips, and left her in great difficulties to form a convenient stomacher.—Neither she nor the queen could raise a pair of gloves; and the latter having scalded her arm, by taking off a pot from the fire, was compelled to appear with it bound round with old linen, which, in truth, but *ill became the majesty of Denmark*.—The play was received with great indulgence, and excited much more mirth than it did either terror or pity.

N^o 10.

For the Strollers, from the Westminster Magazine for September, 1776.

P R O L O G U E.

As some poor Candidate for vacant place,
With study'd words and looks, solicits grace,
So I, for this * small humble borough here,
With trembling accents, and with decent fear,
Fain would their representative appear.
Hard is the fortune of a strolling player,
Necessity's rough burden doom'd to bear,

* Pointing behind the scenes.

P

And

And scanty is the pittance he can earn,
 Wand'ring from town to town, from barn to barn;
 This might content us, but the contrast great
 Adds to the terrors of our changeful fate.
 He who *to-night* is seated on his throne,
 Calls subjects, kingdoms, empires, all his own.
 Who wears the diadem, and regal robe,
Next morning shall awake—as poor as Job!
 ‘Where are my forty knights;’ cries frantic Lear;
 A page replies,—‘Your majesty, they’re here;’
 When, lo! *two bailiffs and a writ*—appear!
 ‘Give me a pound of flesh,’—cries Shylock—well he
 may,
 For Shylock—*has not eat an ounce to-day!*
 Young Harry shall his father’s *crown* purloin,
 And only weep—it is not *current coin!*
 ‘Where is my Romeo?’—Juliet cries.—In bed.
Without his shirt—replies *the laundry maid.*
 On the cold ground shall poor Castalio lay?
 Not till the curtain drops—but *break of day!*
 ‘Where is my horse?’ cries Richard.—In the stable.
 ‘Then bring him forth.’—My Liege, I am not able.
 ‘Villain, thou diest.’—My Lord, he can’t be led,
 The hungry steed—*bath eaten off his head!*
 Brave Pierre shall laugh upon the tottering wheel,
 And so must we, whate’er we think or feel:
 Whate’er we feel, if here we chance to please,
 Your smiles shall pour the healing balm of ease.
 Trusting in this, no private ills we’ll moan,
 But make that pleasure you receive—our own.

Nº 11.
For the *Strollers*, from Memoirs of a Wit, in the Westminster Magazine for 1774.

“As soon as we arrived at the place of our destination, we began to take a survey of our theatre. It was a very commodious barn, only the light came in a little too much through the tiling, which, however, was soon remedied by covering it on the out side with some straw. A carpenter was ordered to put up some boards, which, by the assistance of a powerful imagination, we soon fancied bore some resemblance to pit, box, and gallery. The scenes were our next care, which were so well contrived as to serve tragedy and comedy alike,—The truth is, we had but one sett. The wardrobe was pretty much like the scenes; and the cloaths that did for Sir *John Falstaff* likewise served for *Master Slender*. Our orchestra was occupied by two excellent performers on the violin, who had but one eye betwixt them; and our chandeliers were a couple of hoops drawn up by packthread, with clay sockets for the candles. So much for the house, and now for the performers.

Mr. *Rant* was the hero. He was excellent in every thing; he was *Lear* or *Alexander*, *Bobadil* or *Fribble*; his powers were as unbounded as excellent, and the Sock was as familiar to him as the Buskin: add to this, his name was always the *first* and *largest* in the bill. The manager himself was the next in consequence as a performer, but much more so in every

thing else. To him followed Mr. *Dapper*, who was what they term a very useful hand, because he had a good *swallow*; that is, he could undertake any part at the shortest notice. He was a very little fellow, but, like most other little fellows, had exceeding high notions; he often lamented his figure, declaring, if he had been as tall as Mr. *Rant*, he knew his abilities were much superior. The females were the manager's wife and two daughters, Mrs. *Rant*, and Mrs. *Dapper*, whose merits were indisputable. Mrs. *Dapper* was about five-and-twenty, tall, and inclining to be fat; she had a good face, and was particularly fond of *love parts*. In a little time she and I grew very intimate, and something more so than it was necessary her husband should know. We always used to walk into the fields to *rehearse* together, when the most *tender speeches* were preferred.

The first week of our performing we had pretty good luck, and shared five shillings apiece. This, as it was considered extraordinary, put us all in spirits; but the second began to appear very indifferent; the third was worse; and the fourth threatened famine. My good fortune was such, that I wanted for nothing; and as I took care to live well, they were all my friends, particularly Mr. *Dapper* and his wife, who dined with me every day: indeed, I could not refuse the gentleman on account of the lady, whom I began to take a particular liking to. They knew I had supplies, but they knew not from what source; and

it was matter of no small mirth to think they grew jealous who should have the most of my company. Mr. *Rant* used to say, ‘ Mr. *Ramble*, I am surprized you act so much beneath your dignity to give that fellow, *Dapper*, so much of your company; he is an illiterate under-strapper, only capable of murdering good language; he has not an attitude that is human, not a move superior to a monkey, and he chews a sentence as a cow chews the cud; the wretch is past all bearing:—and then his wife—’ ‘ O for shame! Mr. *Rant*, I beg you will not rail against the ladies.’ ‘ Not I, indeed, sir; I was going to observe, the woman has some notion; and if the puppy would but let me give her a *lesson*, she might come on in a year or two, and—and—and do something.’

I had just that minute got a fine beef-steak brought in by my landlord, which will account for that small hesitation in Mr. *Rant*’s speech. I knew the cause, and asked him to partake, which he was not backward in doing. ‘ Pon my soul, ’tis a fine steak! but d— it, they have not the method of cooking in the country, as they have in town; one steak at *Dolly*’s is worth fifty any where else; so clean, so neat, so charming, it does one good; it creates an appetite if one has none, it goes down with such a *goût*: then a glass or two after it, makes one so hearty, so strong, so capable, so—— so, my service to you, Mr. *Ramble*.’

I for-

I forgot to observe, that my acquaintance who recommended me to the manager did not come down with us, being obliged to meet his father, who was expected to stay a month in town, about business; which being dispatched, he arrived at the instant Mr. *Rant* concluded the above curious speech. He was accompanied by a young lady, who came down to try her talents for the stage, which she soon had an opportunity of doing.

A boarding-school in the town had ordered the play of *Jane Shore*, for the entertainment of the scholars. The young lady who came down was to perform *Alicia*, and Mrs. Dapper, *Jane Shore*; *Gloster* was Mr. *Rant*'s part, and *Dumont* mine. The evening came, the candles were lighted, and the performers dressed. By the bye, I should have mentioned, that we had but three swords in the company; two of them were rusted in the scabbards, and the third had none.

The tragedy began; and if murder be a principal ingredient in tragedy, this was as tragical a one as any that ever was performed, or perhaps ever may. The conclusion, indeed, was rather *comic*; for just as the unfortunate heroine of the piece had finished her dying speech, and stretched her form in an elegant manner on the cold earth; ill luck, or the devil, or some other occult cause, put it into the head of some unlucky rogue, to cut the packthread by which one of the chandeliers hung suspended; and one of the
candles,

candles, falling on the dying penitent; set her head-cloaths on fire, the lace of which, as well as her ruffles, being nothing more than pinked paper, blazed up in an instant. The afflicted fair-one sprung up from the arms of *death* with the action of a bed-lamite, and fled behind the scenes for succour; where no water being at hand, but such as necessity had a little before compelled from the jealous *Alicia*, Mr. *Dapper* was constrained to make use of that. Having poured it on her head, the flames were soon extinguished, though the application produced a foetid smell not quite so agreeable as a bed of violets.

‘But who can paint the heroine as she stood?’

I never in my life beheld any thing, so truly tragical; her face was besmeared with the burnt paper, which adhered closely to the sweat and rouge, through which the saline water had formed small-cataracts; whilst her pretty eyes suffused with tears, and her lengthened visage, gave her no small resemblance to a mad Hottentot.

The young lady who performed *Alicia* was certainly possessed of more requisites for the stage than any other female in our company; her name was *Deane*, and she had been married some short time before to an undeserving fellow, whose cruel treatment of her obliged her to quit him for a precarious dependance upon the stage. We soon contracted a very particular intimacy; and, to save the expence of

a lodging, I *kindly* accommodated her with half of mine.

Mrs. *Dapper* soon perceived our connection, which not a little picqued her pride, though ashamed to resent it openly ; however, to gratify her revenge, she had recourse to the following project. She persuaded her husband that I was the person who had been the cause of her disgrace, in setting fire to her head-dress. The little hero was instantly fired at the indignity offered to his loving helpmate ; and that same evening demanded satisfaction of me. I replied, I was ignorant of any injury I had done him ; which he answered by giving me the lye, to which I as expeditiously returned him a box on the ear. Running immediately behind the scenes, he caught up one of the swords, and made furiously at me. Luckily it was one that was rusted in the scabbard ; otherwise this affair might have concluded in a tragical manner : however, I easily wrenched it from his hand, with which I soon properly corrected him.

Heartily tired with my situation, I was resolved to quit all connection with the stage ; and Mrs. *Deane* having an offer made her of an engagement with another company, I attended her the next day, in a post-chaise, to the place of rendezvous, where I soon after left her, and returned to town, thoroughly disgusted with the life of a player."

N^o 12.

For the *Strollers*. In N^o 82, of the *Guardian*, and in the *Life of Mr. Wilks the Comedian*, among many other articles in an inventory of theatrical furniture, are the following: "For blood in *Macbeth*—Raisins and almonds for a witch's banquet—Three bottles and a half of lightning—One shower of snow, in the whitest *French* paper—A dozen and an half of clouds—A rainbow, a little faded—A *new-moon*, something decayed—*Orbello's* handkerchief—Mrs. *Oldfield's* slippers.—Mr. *Wilks's* gloves—A serpent to sting *Cleopatra*—A mustard-bowl to make thunder with—Another of a bigger sort, made by Mr. *Dennis's* direction, little used*—A suit of cloaths for a ghost."

N^o 13.

For the *Strollers*, being part of a prologue spoken by Sir George Beaumont, at *North Aston*, and written by William Whitehead, Esq;

———— "This pageant pomp you see
Was once a barn—the seat of industry;
And time may come, when all this glittering show
Of canvas, paint, and plaister, shall lie low;

* So jealous was *Dennis* lest his art of making thunder should be imparted to others, without his consent, that Mr. *Pope* informs us, he cried out vehemently, at some tragedy, upon hearing an uncommon burst of thunder, "By G— that's my thunder." *Dramatic Miscellanies*, Vol. II. p. 57.

Q

These

These gorgeous palaces, yon cloud-capt scene,
 This barn itself, may be a barn again :
 The spirit-stirring drum may cease to roar,
 The prompter's whistle may be heard no more :
 But echoing sounds of rustic toil prevail,
 The winnowing hiss and clapping of the flail ;
 Hither once more may unhous'd vagrants fly,
 To shun th' inclement blast and pelting sky ;
 On *Lear's* own straw may gipsies rest their head,
 And trulls lie snug in *Desdemona's* bed."

N^o 14.

For the 11th plate of the '*Prentices*, copied from
 a news-paper.

EXECUTION DAY.

" The following true, but dreadful, picture of
 execution day will, I hope, be sufficient to show why
 a thorough reformation should take place, not only
 in Newgate, but in the manner in which the unhappy
 wretches are conducted from thence to the place of
 execution.

When the day arrives in which the condemned
 criminals are to suffer, and have only that one Night
 to live, one would expect to see, not only the un-
 happy criminals impressed with a deep sorrow, and
 showing the strongest signs of a thorough contrition,
 but that every person present would appear in silent
 sadness. The reverse, however, is the case ! The
 horrid aspects of turnkeys and jailors, in discontent
 and

and hurry ; the sharp and dreadful looks of rogues that beg in irons, but who wish to rob you if they could ; the bellowing of half a dozen names at a time to enquire after one another ; the variety of strong voices, howling in one place ; scolding, quarrelling, and swearing, in another ; loud bursts of laughter in a third ; the substantial breakfasts that are made in the midst of these scenes of horror ; the seas of beer and gin that are swallowed ; the incessant outcries for more ; the bawling answers made by tapsters ; the impudent and unseasonable jests ; their dirty hands, and general nastiness, with the oaths and imprecations echoed from every quarter of the jail, added to the melancholy noise of chains and fetters differently sounding ; would compose all together one of the most horrid spectacles the eyes of thinking men can behold ! Yet how much more terrifick is this dreadful scene rendered by the behaviour of the men just setting off for execution, who are madly drinking, or uttering the vilest ribaldry, and jeering others that are less impenitent, while the Ordinary bustles among them, and, shifting from one to another, distributes scraps of good counsel to inattentive hearers ; and near him the Hangman, impatient to be gone, swears at their delays !

At last out they set, and with them a torrent of mob bursts through the gate, among which are the idlest of holiday-makers, such as 'prentices and journeymen of the meanest trades ; and, as the day is pub-

licly announced a week before in the papers, all the thieves and pick-pockets of both sexes now meet with that security which large mobs are a safeguard to, so that this becomes a jubilee day for all offenders who dare not appear on any other, and this confusion resembles a free mart, where there is an amnesty for all outlaws.—To add to the rudeness of the scene, two or three sweeps generally mount the horses that draw the convicts, whose sooty aspects and ludicrous gestures not a little assist in diverting their minds from the awful change they are about to make; and thus the whole cavalcade, instead of impressing those exemplary sensations on the minds of spectators which it is alone intended for, becomes an impious spectacle of laughter, riot, and disorder.

The way from Newgate to Tyburn now is one continued fair for whores, rogues, and the meanest rabble; and there are none so lewd, so vile, or so indigent, of either sex, but may find a paramour. Where the crowd is the thinnest, the mob are the rudest; and dead dogs, cats, &c. fly about, and are deemed excellent pastime; for they have no enemies to encounter but cleanliness and good-manners; the nearer they approach the gallows, the more the disorder increases; blows are struck, heads are broke, and pieces of swinging sticks are hurled about; these, with the sound of different noises, and variety of outcries that are heard on every side, make up a discord not to be paralleled.

It is possible (though barely so) that a man of extraordinary holiness, by anticipating the joys of heaven, might embrace a violent death in such raptures as would dispose him to the singing of Psalms; but to require this exercise, or to expect it from every wretch that comes to be hanged, is wild and absurd, frightful, and impertinent! During all this time there is a possibility of a pardon arriving, and, *in all the criminals opinions*, a great probability; this sad clog hangs upon their minds till their bodies hang, and prevents their preparing themselves for death so well as they otherwise would. At length the Ordinary and the Executioner, having both performed their different duties, with little ceremony, and equal concern, seem tired, and glad it is over. This tragedy being ended, a fresh fray arises between the mob and the surgeons, about the property of dead bodies; and the morning *amusement* ends with broken heads, bloody noses, and now and then the loss of more lives than die by the halter!"

F I N I S.

It is possible (though barely so) that a man of extraordinary holiness, by anticipating the joys of heaven, might embrace a violent death in such raptures as would dispose him to the singing of Psalm; but to require this exertion, or to expect it from every wretch that comes to be hanged, is wild and absurd, frightful, and impracticable! During all this time there is a possibility of a person arriving, and in all

ERRATA.

P. 16. l. 5. for *aife*, read *aife*.

P. 34. l. 14. for *fitted*, read *filled*.

P. 51. l. 1. the word *sublime* should be omitted.

P. 54. in the note, read *beast*, and not *breast*.

P. 62. l. 19. for *look*, read *lock*.

P. 92. l. 4. instead of a comma after the word *authorities*, it should be a semicolon.



